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AN INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Helpless we are in our weakness and infirmity,
Like the vapors of a night here and yonder driven;
Master of Life! dost Thou hear Thy children calling Thee?
Answer out of Heaven!

Scornfully we talk of our erring brother's frailty—
Thanking God the while we are not so vile as he;
Master of Life! oh, teach us Thy humility,
Let us learn of Thee!

Reels our failing faith. We scoff at the Invisible,
Throwing in our tempted hearts the mocking devil Doubt.
Master of Life! by the holy power of miracle
Cast the demon out!

Passion's hellish fires steep our souls in sinfulness,
Angels stand without, while fiends exult within:
Master of Life! by Thy temptings in the wilderness,
Pity us who sin!

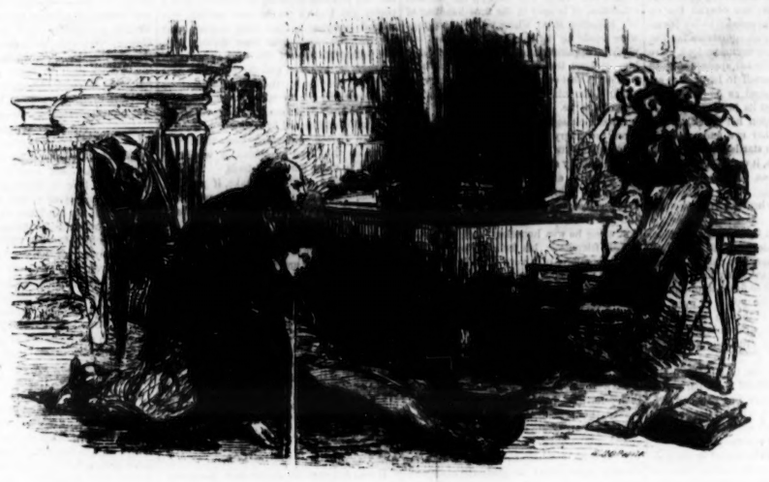
Sense of coming ill weighs upon us heavily,
In the skeleton arms of woe our joys are hushed to sleep.
Master of Life! by Thy sorrow in Gethsemane,
Suffer us to weep!

Underneath the cloud of misfortune and calamity,
Hope falleth sick and love fainteth by the way;
Master of Life! by the griefs of Thy humanity,
Hear us when we pray!

Droop we in the passage of our mortal misery,
Shrink we from the fiery pain that burneth to make pure;
Master of Life! by Thy cross and Thy death-agony,
Help us to endure.

Sin is all our offering. Thou in Heaven seest us.
Fall we at thy feet, crying only, "We believe."
Master of Life! by the anguish Thou hast borne for us,
Pity, and receive!

A. L. MUZZEY.



THE SCENE IN THE LIBRARY.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

Lord Kingswood passed a terrible night alone in his study.

The communication made to him by Pharisee overwhelmed more than it bewildered him. He believed it, even though he tried to consider it but the loose statement of an intoxicated man, who, in the aberrations of drunkenness, confused the details of the story confided to him.

It was humiliating to him to reflect that, although he only too well knew that the woman he had loved—and yet loving, betrayed—had borne him a child, he had never made a single inquiry respecting its sex.

The circumstances connected with the whole transaction were so base, that in the spring of his married life with Lady Kingswood he was only too glad to let them sink into an obscurity so deep that they could never again be dragged forth to human gaze.

He had, it is true, his compunctious visitings. Conscience will make its voice heard, even in the breasts of the hardened; but, alas! his passionate fits of remorse—indulged in when quite alone—were less for the sufferings he had made his victim endure than they were for the hazardous position in which his villany had placed him. This systematic closing of his mind and memory against every incident connected with his cruel guilt deprived him of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many minor facts which now would have been of importance to him, and he was, consequently, when the events were reproduced, attended with terrible forewarnings of evil to him, tossed upon a sea of doubt and incertitude, which prevented him actually discrediting any tale thrust upon him.

He was, however, tempted to believe the story told him by Pharisee, for the reason that the latter had received it from some old man living in an obscure neighborhood, and who evidently, when Pharisee met him, had been engaged in tracking out Horace Vernon, possibly with the view of making money of the information he possessed. He had mentioned facts which one alone who was in possession of the principal events could have disclosed. His object was clearly not to deceive, but either to gratify the feelings of revenge, originating in some wrong inflicted upon him by Vernon, or the greed of gain.

In any case, he could have no motive, such as Vernon had, to trick or cheat the person most deeply interested in his revelations; and the probabilities, therefore, were, that he had spoken the truth—that, indeed, the fair, spirit-like creature he had seen with Vernon in the park, and in the *salon* of the Marquis of Chillingham, was his daughter. In one particular this possibility created within his breast a sense of relief. If it were so, his son Cyril—the son of Lady Kingswood—would still be the heir of his House.

Then, to disturb this impression, the marvellous resemblance which the face of Erle bore to his own and to his ancestors presented itself to him. Was that a coincidence? It might be. A strange one, doubtless, but still not impossible. If this girl, now put forward as his child, were not his daughter, her resemblance to the mystic Lady Maud—the ancestor whose doom was interwoven with the destinies of his race—was even yet more remarkable.

Weighing one probability against another, his presumption was in favor of the truth of Pharisee's communication.

But what a terrible fact it brought with it.

His son Cyril was in love with the maiden—had met her frequently in the Chace, and always alone. He turned cold and faint as he remembered the hunting-lodge. What might have happened at those meetings he shuddered to imagine.

The girl was young and innocent, and his son, he believed, of an honorable nature; but alas! the girl's innocence might be her very weakness, and his son's error the result of passion, uninfluenced by dishonorable intentions.

He grew frenzied and distracted by the phantoms his disordered mind conjured up; he judged human nature by the standard of his fallibility, and was appalled at the conclusion he drew.

Irresolute and vacillatory by nature, especially when in the throes of a sharp difficulty, he yet formed two resolves, neither of which he felt but too bitterly could be for a moment delayed.

The first was to have an interview with his son Cyril—the second to summon to his presence the man who had disclosed to Pharisee the remarkable secret he had that night revealed.

The hours passed long and tormentingly until the day dawned, and then removing, so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thought, he sent a messenger to inquire after his son's health, and a request that he would attend him in his study as early as possible.

The servant found Cyril dressed in walking attire, and on the eve of departing from the house. He delivered his message, dwelling, as instructed, upon the desire Lord Kingswood had to have an interview with him if he had strength to undergo one.

Cyril made no reply, but proceeded immediately to the library, and entering it, perceived his father pacing it with an excited gait.

Lord Kingswood, the instant his eye lighted upon his son, ceased his disturbed walk, and advancing to him, took him by the hand and gazed into his face.

Cyril was wan rather than pale—the agonies of a desperate mental conflict had left saddening traces upon his features—but the expression they bore now was one of sullen despair mingled with an utterly-looking spirit of determination.

"Cyril, you look pale, agitated, ill," observed Lord Kingswood, "and unhappily the events of last night leave me in no doubt as to the cause. As your future happiness seems to be involved in the proper adjustment of what, after all, can be and must be considered as a vexing and painful episode in your youthful life, I have sent for you to talk with you, to reason with you, to show you that the past must be forgotten—"

"Never, my lord," interposed Cyril, almost fiercely.

"*Must* be!" cried Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice until his whole frame became vehement. "Listen to me; do not interpose a remark upon any observation of mine until I request you—you will then understand its object and its proper bearing upon the subject we are about to discuss. I am about to deal plainly with you, I hope that you will be frank with me."

Lord Kingswood paused for a minute. Twice or thrice he essayed the commencement of a sentence, but he found himself unable to articulate, and he was compelled abruptly to press his hands over his eyes and pace hurriedly up and down the chamber.

Suddenly he halted, and by an impatient movement, withdrew his hands from before his face.

"It is folly," he exclaimed, with set teeth, "to betray this weakness. It will ruin all. It is necessary that we should be both calm and firm if we would not see the House of Kingswood topple down upon our heads and crush us beneath its ruins. Cyril, you have, in weak submission to the rash impulses of your youth, flung your heart at the feet of a young girl, to you unknown and obscure, because her face happens to be fair. In delirium and intoxication of your senses you have elevated a boy's inconsiderate passion into the higher, more ennobling, purer, and enduring emotion of love."

Cyril waved his head with a furious movement, and with a stern frown, cried—

"No, my lord! Do not deceive yourself by the canting whisperings of experience falsely so called. Experience should tell you that there is no emotion so pure, so free from dishonorable taint, so unselfish, so holy as first love. Experience has taught me this: it has pointed out to me the wide interval between passion and love, and I have recognized it. I have tested my heart, my lord. I so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thought, he so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thought, he sent a messenger to inquire after his son's health, and a request that he would attend him in his study as early as possible.

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"Mad, impetuous, hasty fool!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, impetuously. "You know not what you say, even as you do not yet know the characteristics of your nature, the strength of your emotions, or the real waywardness of your fancies. You talk of your experience and what it has taught you; bah! Your lesson is yet to come—it has yet to be conned; you may talk of experience and its suggestions, when, like myself, you have verified the fallacy of youthful aspirations—when you have proved that the love you now invest with such heavenly attributes is but ashes in the mouth and bitterness to the spirit. Love, boy! you do not yet dream that it is but another name for carking misery—that he passes through life the happiest man who is never smitten by it; that it is all the golden qualities of a generous nature heaped into a mass and flung into an unfathomable pool to return to the surface only in hideous shapes; that it is the gift of a soul, to be returned by treachery, perjury, falsity, the blackest, deepest, basest ingratitude."

Cyril looked at him earnestly and in wonder.

To whom did he especially allude in this wholesale condemnation of woman?

He knitted his brows, and said, with a strange tone of voice—

"My lord, do you give to me those assertions as the result of your love for my mother?"

Lord Kingswood started. Lady Kingswood certainly was uppermost in his thoughts when he thus denounced the tender passion, but he had no desire to make such a confession, certainly not to her son.

He waved his hand.

"In such remarks it is not my intention to specify any individual," he said hastily; "I speak in general terms of the folly, and, in short, the madness, of giving way to the fascination created by a too warm appreciation of female charms. I counsel you only against being misled by promptings which are nothing more than the instinctive impulses of youth, impulses that require to be watched with care, and controlled and guided in a proper direction. Were we all heedlessly and recklessly to give way to the rash incitements of our first impressions, we should but store up for ourselves abundant sources of future misery. Society forms better arrangements, and wisely admits other considerations into the formation of an union between two young persons of opposite sexes than those of liking. Love is not the only requisite to ensure the happiness of married life, there are others which will compensate for the want of love, but without which love itself can find no happiness. In your coming union with Miss Eleanor Cotton—"

"My lord, speak to me no more of that marriage; it can never take place," interposed Cyril, with firmness.

"It must—it shall!" responded Lord Kingswood, with vehemence. "I have said it—I say it again. I have passed my word to Mr. Cotton that his proposition—his princely proposition—should be entertained. My word, Cyril—and you know that I never submit it to be questioned; at any and every sacrifice, if once passed, I keep it. You have already paid the young lady attention—she appears to be much attached to you—society has already recognized the engagement between you. To throw her off now would be unjustifiably cruel; it might break her heart and thus fasten upon you a crime you would never cease to repent to the very latest moment of your existence."

Cyril turned sharply to him.

"My lord, if I understood you rightly," he said, with bitterness in his tone, "you characterized woman's nature as a bottomless pool, which returned the love thrown into it, transformed into figures of treachery, perjury, and faithlessness. If any love I might proffer Miss Eleanor Cotton were to be so repaid, a lack of attention to her on my part would hardly become the crime you suggest."

"Cyril," returned Lord Kingswood, with abrupt sternness, "it is not my intention to discuss this question in a spirit of subtle casuistry with you. You are committed to Miss Eleanor, and you must marry her!"

"I cannot, my lord!" returned Cyril, firmly.

"There are duties pertaining to your position which you must fulfill!" urged Lord Kingswood. "You have been born to rank, to a name, to an elevated position in this kingdom, in the Government of which I now hold a high and important post. There are sacrifices of the heart, of the affections, of the passions, of the dearest inclinations, and the tenderest sympathies, which are exacted eternly and unrelentingly by the position which you hold no less than myself. As a Minister of the Crown, the shadow of doubt must never fall upon my pledged word. As a Kingswood my plighted faith must be held yet more sacred than life itself."

A low, hysteric laugh burst from Cyril's lips, which smote his father's heart with sudden pain as it fell upon his ears.

"I am a Kingswood. My faith has been plighted with solemn assertions. Am I not to hold it more sacred than name, rank, life itself?"

Lord Kingswood clenched his hands, and his heart sank within him. For what had he pledged his faith? Not a mere interchange of love sentiment. Surely he had not engaged in a secret marriage! His heart seemed suddenly to cease to beat, his face and lips blanched, and the room reeled round with him. He staggered back a step or two, but by an almost superhuman effort, controlled the paralyzing character of his emotion.

"You are a minor," he gasped. "You can enter into no contract, no pledge, no promise, without my assent. Wanting that, it is null and void, worthless. You cannot bind yourself to an alliance opposed to the traditions of your House. Boy, if you are born to the advantages of rank and fortune, they demand of you that you shall properly and nobly sustain the rights and duties they impose upon you."

"Have the heirs to the name always done this?" asked Cyril, bitterly.

"How dare you question their—my honor?" exclaimed his father, wrathfully; the more angrily, perhaps, because he felt most acutely that every argument he hurled at his son was a lash for himself.

"I simply ask, have they done this?" persisted Cyril.

"I can have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative," returned his father; feeling, though he spoke emphatically, that he was resorting to a mean evasion.

"My honor, my lord, is surely then as dear to me as to them," replied Cyril. "Youth cannot afford it immunity. That which would be dishonorable in my actions two years hence, must be equally dishonorable now. My integrity cannot be affected by dates; my honesty and truth cannot be intrinsically valuable at some future period and be worth nothing now. If I, being a minor, can break my plighted, sacred word, solemnly entrusted to one who is as dear and as necessary to my happiness as the vital principle of my life is to my heart, what is to prevent my breaking a faith not pledged or plighted by me with another? If I am bound by your plighted word to Eleanor Cotton, I am no less bound by my own registered vow to another."

"No—not as my son, as my heir, as the representative of the House of Kingswood.—You have no power in your non-age to dispose of your hand unless with my sanction!" cried his father, with frantic vehemence.

"Then," exclaimed Cyril, with a passionate burst, "farewell name, rank, position, house, all but her. She will love me, cling to me, for what I am when I am with her, not for what I have been or might become. In honor, in truth, in purity, I have loved her. Equally, in innocence and unselfishness, has she placed her heart, her happiness in my trust. Rather than betray it, I will do battle with the world, as other self-reliant men have done, with her in my arms—with her loving affection twining round my heart to sustain and cheer me. I can defy the frowns of fate as sturdily as I can meet its smiles shed upon her as upon me with joy and felicity."

"Hold!" almost shrieked his father. "Will nothing destroy this infatuation!"

"Nothing!" responded Cyril, coldly and firmly.

"It is false!" he cried. "I will, I must! Terrible, frightful as the task you have imposed upon me, I must now go through with it!"

"It is in vain, my lord," interposed Cyril. "I pray you to let me depart in peace. We shall never agree on this distressing subject. You cannot change me."

"But I will!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with fierce energy. "Listen to me, and—tremble!"

For a moment he buried his hands in his hair, and bowed his head low. His whole frame became fearfully convulsed, but he struggled with the spasm, and once more turned his uncovered face to his son to speak with him.

Cyril started when he perceived his father's distorted, livid features, and his glaring eyes. He felt then that some tremendous revelation awaited him, and even as his father had bidden him, he trembled.

Lord Kingswood slowly extended towards him his white and quivering hand.

"Cyril," he exclaimed, in hollow, solemn tones, "the Kingswoods are a doomed race. Doomed until one of its descendants, by his own superhuman endurance, his unfaltering spirit, his unwavering faith, his unimpeachable honor, his overpowering energy, shall remove the ban resting upon it. I cannot now enter into the whole of the tradition, or any part of it, but what relates to myself and to you. I am heart-sore and heart-sick. I would willingly be the humblest soldier, keeping dreary watch in the pathless wastes of the barren regions of Siberia, than that empty mockery the Lord Baron of Kingswood. But I am he, and I must fulfil my destiny as thou thine."

He paused for a moment, and then drew a long breath.

"But recently," he continued, "we stood together beneath the walls of the old hunting-tower yet standing in Kingswood Chace; I pointed out to you a window, at which, at certain times, there appeared to a Kingswood a female face of more than mortal beauty. Such have my ancestors seen—such a face I beheld. It is now more than twenty years past that, alone, my gun upon my arm, I sauntered, somewhat faint and tired with my sport, within the precincts of that tower. I knew it to be inhabited by an old crone, and possibly the inducement of a draught of cool water drew me thither. I paused beneath the walls suddenly, for my eye was arrested by the face of one, young, and so entrancingly beautiful, that creature of earth she seemed not to be. She regarded me with as much wonder as I did her, and the expression of her face told me that I had made upon her a scarcely less favorable impression than she had upon me; but even while a pleased smile was yet upon her lips, she started and vanished. At the same moment I observed, standing at the door of the lodge, the elf-like crone Eldra, who dwelt there. She shook her talon-finger at me, and bade me depart, for the heir of Kingswood found within those walls his ruin. I smiled at the old creature's gloomy foreboding, and begged a cup of water. She brought it to me and told me that I had better asked her for a cup of poison, and if I vainted my happiness or life, and a peaceful death-bed, never to come near those walls until after I had given my hand in marriage. I laughed and went away. But I came again, for that face, with its wondrous beauty, haunted me; it was like a spell upon me—I could not rest within Kingswood's halls—it floated before me in the day, it smiled upon me in my dreams at night. Mark me, Cyril, I had laughed at the words of the crone, because I was betrothed to Lady Kingswood—to your mother. I knew that I should marry her, and that no idle superstition could affect me or that. I went again—I saw that face, I spoke to it; I said—I know not what. I went again and again to breathe most passionate protestations, and to learn that they had not been uttered without their natural effect. Up to this time she had remained at the window; I had stood upon the turf beneath—we had approached each other no nearer. She was ever there when my advancing footstep, almost noiseless as it was, reached her expectant ear, and she vanished at each interview as unexpectedly and abruptly as she had at first, when I was ad-

vised by it of the presence of old Eidra. Suddenly, the elf-woman disappeared; and after she had gone, and the hunting-lodge was closed and tenantless, I saw that fair and wondrous creature no more within the precincts of the Chace."

Lord Kingswood, whose features had been rigid and his eyes wild, now displayed an expression of terrible humiliation and shame, so that it was painful for Cyril to look upon him. With a horse, unsteady voice he proceeded rapidly:—

"I had a rich companion, an associate, one whom I made a more intimate companion than I did others. He resided not many miles from Kingswood. He one day told me of a—fondness—an attachment he had formed for a maiden gentle and beautiful, a—he—he would insist on reposing his confidence in me. I sought it not, he—he would not rest until he had introduced me to—the—the creature of his choice. I weakly consented. I found myself face to face, hand to hand—boy!—with the WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE!"

Cyril groaned, and clutched at a bookcase for support, while his father, shrieking rather than speaking, continued—

"Her beauty slew me, stamped out honor, truth, faith, everything. A year of mad delirium ensued, events crowded on me, crushed me, left me bankrupt in all that a true man holds brightest and dearest."

"But her—what of her?" demanded Cyril, with startling eyes and a half-suffocated tone.

With a laugh like that of a maniac, his father cried,

"She was a mother—deserted and abandoned—a mother, and with one child!"

"Thine?" gasped Cyril.

"Mine!" ejaculated his father, in an unearthly tone.

Cyril pressed his hands upon his temples, and turned his ghastly face to his father.

"That child?" he asked, in an almost inarticulate tone.

"You first beheld in Kingswood Chace," cried his father, hoarsely. "that child is she whom you have dared to love—she—the WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE. She whom you would make your wife is your sister!"

The household was startled by a wild, piercing scream.

And as well by the frantic ringing of the bell of Lord Kingswood's study.

In a few minutes afterwards, affrighted faces were turned upon each other, and horrid whispers reported through the house that Cyril Kingswood was dead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The words which Eric had spoken to Violet during his interview with her were words of solace, of consolation, of joy, for they were words of hope. Her experience of human nature was necessarily of the most limited character. She saw with the eyes of her own genuine, uncontaminated heart, and believed all other beings, even though some were repulsive in her sight, to be as truthful as herself.

Ishmael had, however, impressed upon her that appearances were deceitful; that men were false, treacherous, and cruel in their natures; that their bland words, their tender looks, their softest and sweetest words were cloaks thrown cunningly and skillfully over the most astute artifices to conceal the vilest intentions. Even the aged, though yet vigorous Miss Virgo had cautioned her against the blandishments of that sex of which Cyril was so handsome a type, and she had also insisted that the more attractive they were to the eye, the more cruelly wicked were their natures.

Incredulous at first, she was gradually goaded into the belief that there were grains of truth in their assertions, and this painful awakening received confirmation from Cyril's conduct to her at the Marquis of Chillingham's mansion.

Before this eventful night her grief had not been of a killing character. It had made her wan and sad, but it had left her a hope that she might yet again meet Cyril, and might—she knew not, cared not how—be restored to him, and pass through her future life with him in the same sweet relations as had subsisted between them when they met and wandered together in Kingswood Chace.

When he turned from her, and with averted eyes, refused to meet her passionately appealing gaze, that hope forsook her, and nothing was left to her but despair.

Then she formed and entertained but one yearning wish, that of returning to the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chace, in which she had been reared, and in the vicinity of which she might live over again in her fervid imagination the period of her loving intimacy in those sequestered places with Cyril Kingswood.

She was, by the very nature of her education in her forest home, tinctured with superstition and with intuitive belief in the supernatural. She had dwelt many a time, and oft for hours, on the strange old picture, carefully preserved in the hunting-lodge, representing a noble-looking youth in hunting attire; and in the still moonlight, when she had stolen out into the silent and solemn aisles formed by tall tree stems, she had seen at times a flitting shadow, which she had in her fantastic imagining fashioned into the form of the young hunter in the picture known to her as the bad Baron of Kingswood, with all its wicked history. She had, too, met Eric Gower in the woods at unexpected moments in the day, the eve, the night. He much resembled the picture she had, through some strange fascination, loved to gaze upon from her childhood, and she believed that he possessed a spirit-nature, with power to roam on earth as a human being at will.

He, therefore, she believed, had of all others the power to liberate her from the distressful thraldom in which she existed in Ishmael's mansion, and to place her in the only haven of rest henceforth she could know upon earth.

Hence the eagerness with which she sought an interview with him, and the strange clinging—even in spite of what he said to her—to the belief that he was "the Spirit of the Chace;" hence the confidence she placed in what he had urged upon her.

FAITH. The word acted like a magic balm upon her sore and wounded spirit. She had never known distrust until Ishmael had thundered it in her affrighted ears. Her innocence of all guile had made her naturally trustful. The shattering of this sweet confidence was a severe shock to her, but it was a great joy to her to recover it.

Cyril had never changed in his conduct to her since she had first known him until they had met at the Marquis of Chillingham's, and then, as Eric had suggested, he might have been coerced to act as he had done, even as she herself had been coerced to play the strange part she had all her life enacted.

Yes; she found faith re-enter her heart and infuse itself through her frame like a new, life-giving joy. The dull and gloomy atmosphere which had spread above and around her daily life seemed to be lifted, and amid rents in its pall-like covering she could perceive the unalloyed blue or golden sunshine of a heaven of future felicity.

With an alacrity she had not displayed since she quitted the Chace, she obeyed the request of Ishmael, and proceeded to her chamber to attire herself for an equestrian ramble. She, for the first time, consciously took more than ordinary pains with her appearance, and when she presented herself to Ishmael to accompany him, accustomed as he was to her beauty, he marvelled at its brilliancy.

There was a flush upon her cheek, an animation glittering in her eye, and a springiness in her step, which startled him too. But that he knew its origin, it would have greatly pleased him; as it was, he was somewhat disturbed.

He knew that in her heart there had settled itself hope.

She yet hoped that Cyril would be hers. He resolved not to interfere with that hope, if it would work so marked a change in her as it in so brief a time evidently had; but he equally determined not to foster it, or change his sentiments upon the point, or even his manner towards her, so that in the hour of her deep and certain disappointment she could not tax him with cruelty or deception towards her.

Violet was attired as she had been on the occasion when she appeared in the park with Ishmael and Eric Gower, but she had evidently taken more pains with all those minor points and appointments which help to finish and render perfect any costume.

Her delicate form, so beautiful in its proportions, so graceful in its outline, was exhibited to wondrous advantage in her peculiarly exquisite green habit, and her sweet face was rendered even yet more fascinating than it was naturally by the small, handsomely-shaped hat which adorned her head. Then she sat her horse with such firmness and elegance, that it was impossible not instantly to select her, even from a closely-congregated throng, as the pearl among them all.

Ishmael constrained Eric to accompany them, as on the previous occasion he had done, and he contrived that, on entering the park, at a period when it was most thronged by the fashionable world, they should preserve much the same order as they had before observed, Violet being slightly in advance of Eric, with Ishmael a short distance from his side.

As before, the appearance of Violet created a remarkable sensation. The strange hue of her riding-habit, so unlike that of any other lady equestrian, the singular beauty of her countenance, and the peculiarity of her position in advance of her companions, and apparently not exchanging a word with either, were features which of themselves would have attracted attention; but when these were allied to the fact that, being evidently distinguished, she was still unknown to everybody who knew, or pretended to know, everybody, the excitement and the curiosity were greatly heightened.

Nobles young and old; duchesses, countesses, and other ladies of rank, wondered who could be the extraordinary creature who, being unknown, must be nobody, yet excited even more than the notice which would be caused by a somebody. No one could answer the question, and therefore the hubbub and commotion in the endeavor to ascertain each moment increased.

As before, the gentleman-equestrians followed in a cloud. Too well bred to gallop before her, and, turning round, indulge in a prolonged stare at her, they kept in the rear, satisfied at catching a glimpse of her sweet face through their eye-glasses, held by an unpleasant contortion of their features between the eyebrow and one of the facial muscles, and attracting by their swarming even yet more attention to Violet than her remarkable personal appearance would have commanded.

Eric noticed with a haughty displeasure the thronging horses, the wondering faces of their riders turned towards Violet, and the hurrying of masses of pedestrians on the path, who were all impressed with a belief that they were gazing upon an Imperial Princess of some great northern Empire; and he hastily proposed to Ishmael that they should put their horses to a gallop, press forward, and so escape the inconvenient swarming of curious, and, in his eyes, impertinent gazers.

Ishmael quietly raised his hand in a deprecating manner, and replied—

"No, it is my wish that we proceed thus. I seek the public gaze. I wish to attract the notice of these empty-headed babblers. I court the oft-repeated question, 'Who are they?' In the proper hour I will answer them."

Eric said nothing after this, but he chafed at his position, and his contracted brow exhibited his feelings.

While thus moody he became conscious of a high-spirited steed prancing in very close proximity to his own, and he turned wrathfully towards the intruder.

Bending towards him, and holding out her small gauntleted hand, he beheld Beatrice Stanhope.

She was alone, attended only by her groom, who remained behind with those attending on Ishmael's party. They were compelled to be somewhat actively employed in keeping off horsemen from approaching too close, and under strict orders, resolutely refused to reply to those who, carried away by their curiosity, put a number of direct questions to them.

Had Eric been skilled in interpreting the tablet of the female face, so quick and variable in its multifarious mutations, he would have read in the features of Beatrice Stanhope certain emotions which would rather have astonished him.

There was a fiery glitter in her eye, which betrayed irritation, annoyance, half-a-dozen of those shades of vexation of which the mind feminine has a store so fertile. Her nostrils were slightly inflated, there was a hectic flush upon her cheek, and her pretty, pulpy lip had a curl upon it, more of satire than of scorn, and yet so like the symbol of the latter emotion that it needed a practised eye to determine to which of the two it properly belonged.

Her upper lip trembled too, betraying a little of that excitement she would fain have concealed. There was likewise the smallest exhibition of temper in the firm handling of her impatient steed, whose proud curvettings were repaid by certain undemonstrative but vigorous applications of whipcord, satisfying him at least that the mind of his mistress was not in that equable condition which, very unfairly, the minds of all pretty creatures are expected to be.

A smile chased from Eric's expressive features the angry gloom which had clouded them, as his eyes fell upon Beatrice Stanhope, and he quickly stretched out his hand, caught hers within it, and pressed it.

Eric had a grateful disposition. Beatrice had received him with unaffected kindness, and had treated him with courtesy and attention when he was houseless, and, as he believed, friendless; his feelings towards her were, therefore, of a very friendly nature.—He was not affected by her personal appearance, but he was by those qualifications which he esteemed as an ornament to any woman.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, in his rich, pleasant tones.

"It is permitted to us to doubt," she replied, naively. "If I had not been reared with a rude and boisterous brother, and therefore half boy myself, I should have missed the present opportunity of opening the vials of my wrath and pouring them upon your head. I have had to really battle my way through a whole squadron of cavalry forming your escort to grasp the chance of saying a word to you."

"I regret you should have had so much difficulty to encounter with the prospect of so poor a reward," he returned.

She raised the handle of her whip and shook it at him, smiling as she did so.

"Why give me the difficulty, I caught your eye as you passed me?" she answered.

"Indeed, I did not see you, or I would have reined in my horse and spoken to you instantly," he rejoined.

"Well, I am expected, of course, to believe you. I will, however, execute my mission, and then relieve you of my tedious company as soon as possible," she returned.

"You wrong yourself and me by that observation," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Oh, fie!" she ejaculated, hastily. "Do I not see how fairly you are companioned side by side with one so extremely beautiful? The society of any other individual, especially one of my own sex, can hardly fail to be to you an encroachment, an intrusion, and a bore."

"Again you wrong yourself," he answered, a smile playing on his face.

"You are either, sir, a shameless man flirt—or—that lady is—your sister."

She indicated Violet with the golden knob of her riding-whip rather than pointed at her.

A slight shade of surprise passed over Eric's features at this remark. It was a style of badinage which Beatrice had not indulged in, at least with him, before.

"That lady is not my sister," he replied, a little seriously.

"No? even a cousin?" she asked, with well assumed archness.

"Not even a cousin," he responded, thoughtfully, for it flashed through his mind that, in the uncertainty of his origin, it was a question he could not honestly answer with decision.

Beatrice heard him with an expression of seriousness upon her countenance. She wished this marvellous beauty had been his sister. She would have even been in a degree comforted if she had stood to him in that much-abused and mistruted degree of relationship, a cousin; but to be connected to him by no tie of affinity was to be allied to him by a bond of love. A spasm went through her frame at the thought. She, like, alas! too many of her sex, the moment her jealousy was excited, could think of nothing, but the object of her mistrust, and that, too, in the shape of a severe cross-examination.

"I have seen the face before," she exclaimed, in her eagerness to learn something about Violet, forgetting what was due to her own dignity. "Pray, can you enlighten me where, Mr. Gower?"

He looked at her for a moment, steadfastly.

"I cannot," he answered.

"Or will not," she rejoined, gazing back at him as fixedly, apparently endeavoring to read in his features the truth as she had shaped it.

He elevated his eyebrows with an expression of astonishment, but he only replied by a slight shake of the head.

"You know Lord Kingswood, I think?" she observed, eyeing him attentively, while she conducted her cross-examination with a woman's consummate skill.

Now his eye gleamed and his brow fell. He bowed stiffly affirmatively.

She observed his peculiarity of manner, but refused to heed it, because her question was the stepping-stone to the elucidation of which she had set her brother Carlton to obtain.

She bent her face slightly round towards his, and rested her eyes upon his face, as she said—

"You then know, of course, Lady Maud St. Clair?"

She uttered the words rapidly, and enunciated them emphatically.

A flush of crimson mounted to his brow, and he bowed lower than before an assent, to hide the scarlet hue spread over his face. Beatrice, with an emotion of vexation, perceived it, and tossed up her head, giving way to a slight ebullition of anger, because he whom she thought so proud and dignified in his bearing should blush at the mention of a lifeless doll of a girl, though she was titled and well descended.

But she had not done yet: she had a purpose to accomplish, and she contrived to hide the disturbed emotion the confession she thus extorted from him had occasioned.

That is to say, many a maiden fair who possesses an interest in some well-looking young gentleman invariably converts an acknowledgment from the said youth that he has the pleasure of being acquainted with a pretty girl, known to the said maiden, into a confession that he has been paying court to the pretty girl, or at least flirting with her. Beatrice was of the same conviction as many a maiden, and therefore she was morally convinced that any interviews which might have taken place between Eric and Lady Maud could not have passed over with indifference by either or both. She satisfied herself, therefore, that there was much on this head of which it would be needful to make herself mistress.

She decided at once to make, if possible, the acquaintance of Violet, and with this purpose she, lowering her voice to almost a whisper, said—

"You have no doubt observed the singular resemblance there is between the young lady you are attending and Lady Maud?"

Eric gave a slight start, and at once turned his eyes to Violet's face. She was gazing about her with an air of wonder. An expression of expectation was upon her face, but yet she seemed amused and interested in the scene in which she formed so prominent a part. On previous occasions she had been sad and thoughtful, had gazed straight before her without appearing to notice any object within her vision, and the change she now presented was one which could not fail to strike him. Yet it did not strike him with a tithe of the force the suggestion of Lady Maud did.

It was not that he recognized the resemblance pointed out by Beatrice, but that he was startled by the vivid recurrence to his memory of the portrait of the Lady Maud which had hung in the bed-chamber of Kingswood Hall and the statue in the old library.

As he gazed on Violet, they rose up before his eyes as plainly as if he actually beheld them, and a sudden, strange, cold thrill passed through his frame, which crused him involuntarily to shudder.

Another moment, and he had recovered his equanimity, for Beatrice, looking on his changing features with surprise, ejaculated—

"You do not answer me, Mr. Gower. Have I helped you to a discovery which has taken your breath away?"

There was something distasteful to him in her observation, but resuming a calm and indifferent air, he replied—

"You have not deprived me of breath by your discovery, Miss Stanhope, because there ought not to be anything surprising in the resemblance, inasmuch as it is common to find individuals alike in feature, but unconnected by any tie of relationship."

Beatrice laughed, and said, a little mischievously—

"A trite fact, indeed! Don't be cross with me, Mr. Gower, but even your 'fine Roman' countenance is not without its counterpart—you must resemble the Honorable Cyril Kingswood, and papa insists that you are wonderfully like Lord Kingswood?"

"Your papa is practised in the art of discernment," suddenly observed Ishmael, in a low, but distant tone, addressing Beatrice.

She was for the moment startled, but with a courteous bend to him, because she instantly conceived that he could help her to her desired intimacy with Violet.

"Papa has been for years a diplomatist," she rejoined; "it is a part of his study to scrutinize the features of those with whom he comes in contact. So keen, indeed, is his appreciation of resemblance, that when he first saw Mr. Gower, he was quite overcome, was he not?" she asked, turning to Eric.

He bowed, while Ishmael added, dryly,

"If you are speaking of Sir Harris Stanhope, I do not doubt it."

Eric turned red, and exclaimed, hastily—

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Beatrice Stanhope, daughter of Sir Harris Stanhope—Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Vernon!"

Beatrice laughed as if she enjoyed his confusion.

"There is a pardon I will never grant, Mr. Gower," she cried.

"What is that?" inquired Ishmael, quickly, as he perceived that she was as much in earnest as in jest.

She slightly colored.

"I can have no hesitation in returning you an answer to that question," she said, readily, "I am greatly smitten with the charms of the young lady who rides in advance of you. I should so like to be honored by her acquaintance!"

Ishmael mused a moment, and then he said—

"She does not visit; but then there can be no objection to her receiving visits from you. You will find her a child of nature, and but little acquainted with the world's ways."

"The more refreshing will her society prove to me. I yearn for such a companion," returned Beatrice.

Ishmael motioned her to increase her pace so as to come up with Violet, who had gained some little distance upon them, and when they were at her side, he briefly explained the purpose with which he had overtaken her.—Violet looked upon the face of Beatrice with some surprise, but more earnestness. Beatrice, with an appearance of frankness and warmth, held out her hand; Violet took it and pressed it, but she was still, it seemed, a little perplexed by the incident.

Ishmael introduced her to Beatrice by the name of Violet only, and when Beatrice suggested that she had been put in possession of her Christian name only; Ishmael replied, with some emphasis—

"Her name is Violet. She knows no other."

At this instant Sir Harris Stanhope galloped past. He caught his daughter's eye; he rewarded her with an approving smile, and made a significant gesture, which she understood as instructing her to cultivate the acquaintance she was now making; and she at once proceeded to do so by engaging Violet in conversation, and drawing her wondering attention to the various equipages passing and re-passing, gradually commenced to work her conversation round to the Kingswoods, to learn whether she could extract any information from her respecting Lady Maud's knowledge and opinion of Eric Gower. She was the better enabled to do this, as the Marquis of Chillingham, happening to catch sight of Violet, add immediately following Ishmael, rode up to the side of the latter, in order to gratify an intense curiosity and interest created in his breast by the former.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Those who persist in following inflexibly their own course of action, and those who love to exercise their power in forcing a course of action upon others, are both wilful; but the latter class the most so. Yet they are generally the most popular, because they have more of the social spirit; besides, many people have a kind of fancy for being driven.

☞ The Scandanavians had a god, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him. There are many who are nearly choked by the converse process—the attempt to get one idea into them.

☞ Each of the sexes has certain instincts, feelings, and modes of view into which the other can never thoroughly enter, no matter how long or how close the intimacy; and, in regard to these points, there is more sisterhood or sisterly sympathy among women than brotherhood among men.

☞ One of the "old salts" at Cape Ann, in a public prayer meeting, implored the Supreme Being to "curtail the influence of the devil." He was followed by a brother of less learning, who prayed that the evil one might not only have his influence curtailed, but that his "tail might be taken clean off." Two sedate members of the Suffolk bar, who were present, lost their gravity at this last petition.

☞ A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I dosh petter as dat—I dinks de brandy, den I rubs my legs with de bottle."

☞ If falsehood paralyzed the tongue what a death-like silence would pervade society.

☞ The best method of ascertaining the length of the shortest mile on record, is to give a hackman fifty cents, and tell him to stop at the end of a mile.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

HORSE TAMING.

Mr. Rarey, the famous horse tamer, is now exhibiting his system in Philadelphia, and we advise every one who is interested in "that noble animal, the horse,"—to use a not very uncommon expression—to spend an evening in witnessing the performances in question.

Sight is as important as hearing. We had read many columns descriptive of Mr. Rarey's mode of subduing an intractable horse—and pored over accompanying illustrations—and yet we did not fully understand the secret of the taming, until we attended one of his exhibitions.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may not find it convenient to attend one of the horse tamer's performances, we may attempt to make this matter clearer to them than it has been heretofore to us.

The horse is an animal of great spirit and strength, but of narrow intellect, and little persistence. An extract from Sir F. B. Head's "*Horse and Rider*," on the last page of the present paper, furnishes several exemplifications of the small amount of persistency in the horse; and the experience of our readers doubtless will furnish them with others. The horse soon gives up. Horses differ of course in this respect, but even the most stubborn have little power of persistency. What Mr. Head says of a horse that has fallen down in a slippery street—how, after two or three futile attempts to rise in the shafts, he will give up the idea of rising altogether, and have to be urged to get up when he is disencumbered, probably a majority of our city readers have seen illustrated.

Now, of this lack of persistency—this disposition to give up entirely and completely after three or four failures—Mr. Rarey takes advantage. If he can get the horse to stand still long enough to bend the lower part of one fore-leg up against the upper part, and strap it there, he has the horse upon three feet. With only one fore-foot to stand on, a horse can kick very little with his hind feet, if any. The exertion of even walking about—or half-hopping, as it really is—is fatiguing to the animal. Then the tamer, by means of a strap round the other fore-leg, just above the foot, which strap is passed under the girth, pulls that leg up also at the first forward movement of the horse, and throws the animal upon his knees. The horse has then only two knees and two hind-feet to go upon. Of course he plunges, and rears perhaps, and gets in a furious heat and passion—but it makes no difference. He is hobbled—and his tamer, with a firm and strong hold upon the strap, keeps him upon his fore-knees, and lets him take his time at plunging. Finally—always within fifteen minutes, Mr. Rarey says—the horse, tired of his constrained and uneasy posture, and of his violent and unusual exertions, rolls over and lies down. At the first quiet opportunity, the tamer fastens up the second fore-leg as he had done the first. Then the horse will probably recover a little strength and courage, rise on his hind feet and fore-knees, and try another desperate series of plungings and strugglings. It all amounts to nothing, however. And even if he tries it again, the result must be at last that he drops his head despairingly on the ground, and lies perfectly relaxed, panting and heaving as if he had been running a four miles' race.

Then the tamer begins to pull him about—to pull his head on one side, and then on the other; to slap his hind legs if he has been a kicker; to work his jaws if he has been a biter—operations which even then the horse will probably at first oppose—until the animal, finding that he is not hurt in the least, but that he is absolutely incapable of making any effective resistance, gives up, and acquiesces in anything and everything that that superior being, his tamer, chooses to do to him.

It is a little curious, too, that however angry the animal may have got in the process of the taming, he becomes not only perfectly good tempered again, but even contented and happy, after his final submission. He not only acquiesces in the mastership of the man, as if he had just perused the Scriptural text upon the subject, but takes positive pleasure in feeling himself mastered. As the pages of history prove, however, the horse is not the only animal which manifests pleasure when he has found a real master.

One fact struck us particularly, as we did not remember to have seen it noted. Mr. Rarey does not coax and pet his refractory animals. While engaged in the process of taming, we did not hear him utter a single word—not even a "whoa-boy, whoa!" He stroked the horse a little when brought in, and when endeavoring to get the first strap on; but after that it was a regular struggle—brute force on the one hand, against united strength and skill on the other. With the utmost patience, and all possible gentleness, but silently, firmly and inexorably as Fate, Mr. Rarey opposed his will and strength and intellect, against the intellect and will and strength of the horse. He did nothing to irritate—but calmly, patiently and quietly he allowed the brute to test his power against that of the man. And when the former had given up, entirely and completely, even then Mr. Rarey did not waste either words or caresses. The animal had succumbed—well, that was right, it was its duty so to do. Treat it kindly then, but do not make your caresses valueless by giving a surfeit of them. Thus we have seen young ladies pet their dogs, till the dogs valued more one touch of their brothers' finger, than twenty of their mistresses' whole hand. A dog or a horse has not the intellect of a man,—but he is far from being a fool.

Mr. Rarey has the fullest confidence in his system. He does not believe that there is a horse in the world that he cannot tame. We are disposed to agree with him. His system is undoubtedly of great value—and especially in his hands. All men will, we think, be enabled to do much by it—but we think that he has a peculiar gift of kingship over the equine world that few others possess.

Still, the force and benefit of Mr. Rarey's precepts and example in bringing about a more humane and sensible mode of dealing with horses, can hardly be over-estimated. He is the Howard of Horsefesh. Add in rescuing horses from foolish brutality, he is aiding in overturning the general reign of brutality and ignorance in the world. If horses can be managed by calm force used intelligently in a spirit of kindness, why not children, why not men? We therefore enrol the name of Rarey not only among the benefactors of Horses, but also among the benefactors of Mankind.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.—The Annual Address before this Association will be delivered by Charles Buckwalter, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday evening, the 14th, at 8 o'clock.

The Introductory Address will be delivered by Geo. M. Wharton.

☞ Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Some very good remarks under this head appeared lately in THE POST, expressing our own views on the subject, except that we do not cling so exclusively to old favorites, nor scan the new candidates with so fastidious an eye. Our correspondent's delicately hinted criticisms, however, are quite to our mind. The Rollo Books *are* dull, and there is no use trying to press upon lively children any such vegetarian diet. Some years ago Mr. Abbott set out with the assertion that children love details—a true enough idea, but not one to bear running into the ground, as he proceeded to do—putting forth in rapid succession a perfect flood of commonplace stories, as like as two peas. These stories have their good points—so good that we have many times tried reading them aloud to the little ones. This can only be done, however, by going through a deal of skipping—picking out here and there a grain of wheat, and passing silently over pages of chaff; for we feel instinctively that such prolixity must be insupportably tedious to a child of any vivacity. But this sifting process—a labor that the story-writer himself should perform, comes to be considered an objection on the parent's part, and as the children never petition for the stories, they lie quietly on the library shelves in their pristine brightness of crimson and gold.

Children must have poetry—that is a sine qua non. Let any mother call to mind her child's favorites, and she will acknowledge that in proportion to their truly poetical character is their attractiveness. As among savages beads and feathers come before dress, so in the order of time poetry precedes prose. Mayne Reid is fully aware of this, and his books have considerable charm, but he never can supplant Robinson Crusoe, though he swings a bolder pen, and startles the young reader with more hair-breadth 'scapes. A certain unversacity takes the edge from his narratives; you suspect him of subordinating truthfulness to something that he fancies better; and he never wins you into that full and quiet faith—that magnetic rapport with his hero, which places Defoe's romance a head and shoulders above all rivals in juvenile literature. A number of excellent books of this class have come out lately, which boys find very good reading.

The Pilgrim's Progress requires perhaps a peculiar character to enjoy it thoroughly, but we have found it, with some skipping, wonderfully well relished by hearers of six and seven years. The allegory is earlier comprehensible than you would suppose. Greatheart and Giant Despair make a vivid impression, and even if half-understood, or but a glimmering of meaning discerned, they still edify to that extent, and in imaginative minds the figures will stand out clearer and brighter with every added year of spiritual progress.

The passion for fairy tales was frowned upon for a short time, but a more genial wisdom now prevails; some of our best writers having thrown their genius into the scale against utilitarianism, and exerted themselves to gratify, in the best manner, a natural craving, instead of quarreling with it. Of these there is nothing better than Kingsley's Greek Fairy Tales. A boy of poetical temperament will sit enchained for any length of time while you read aloud from "The Heroes." A rythm in accordance with the strain of the story is everywhere preserved. It charms his ear like a grand roll of martial music chiming with glorious deeds, or a solemn chant for the valiant dead, victorious still, who died for man. Just so, we may fancy, sang the bards of old—words of power set to the music of love, failing as live coals upon the hearts of men; and flaming up in brave resolve and mighty achievement.

Hawthorne's stories from the same source, though charming in their way, are written in a less acceptable style. The same subjects are treated in an off-hand, slightly satirical manner, which you will always find repulsive to the childish organization. For children are terribly in earnest. They do not understand, and if they did, would not relish mockery and satire, however kindly—the high heroic vein suits them best. Still it is liked in spite of this, and to grown-up people the story that forms a connecting link for the Greek myths, is the best part of the book—thoroughly delightful from its subtle humor and exquisite perception of childish graces and oddities. Hawthorne is one of our especial favorites. His "Snow Image" is a conception of wonderful poetic beauty, and finished with an etherial delicacy of touch quite unsurpassable.

A small volume of stories called "Rainbows for Children," edited by that true friend of children, Maria Child, was published by Francis & Co., in 1848. These are remarkable for freshness and beauty. In all our juvenile library there is hardly a greater favorite. Even our little three-year old listens with an animated face to the adventures of Fiamma carrying a web of light around the world—boldly claiming and receiving help from every wild and savage thing that comes in her way—lion and sea-serpent, eagle and buffalo, all give a ride to the brave little spirit; and all round the world, over the wide spaces of earth, air and water, her path is made easy by courage and faith. It is a beautiful lesson—one that readers of any age may profitably lay to heart. "Fanny's Menagerie," is perhaps the liveliest story; it never tires. Some like "Rose Island" best, and others "The Crystal Palace." The illustrations in this book are singularly graceful and expressive. Fiamma on the back of an ostrich, looking so secure in her downy seat, her arms encircling its curved neck, her hair blown back from her sweet, fearless face, and the web of light floating on the ground, is perfect as a snow-flake. The designs in children's books ought to be good. They are half the value. The kind of engraving is of no importance—only that the life-strokes of genius animate it. We have seen the "Story Without an End," from the German, exquisitely illustrated, the designer entering into the significance of the story, and expressing it fitly, and the book was a luxury to possess. The same thing, coarsely got up, its engravings apparently slurred over by some rough, uncomprehending hand, till no gleam of meaning rayed from them, came under our notice lately, and we found that half its charm was gone. If pictures do not illuminate, they had better be omitted.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Who that thinks at all does not delight in Emerson the Thinker?—does not eagerly open each new volume with the confident assurance of an intellectual stimulus and refreshment of the choicest kind? The choicest intellectually—only that; for as one may stand out on a winter night in the pure, keen, bracing air, admiring the magnificence of the starry heavens, and the fitful splendor of the Northern Lights, and soon retreat shivering to the warmth and light of the social room, so we hasten from the icy heights of Emerson's philosophy, forever swept bare and barren by the bitter blasts of Necessity, to sun ourselves in some good passionate novel, love song or poem, and thus restore the spirit to its normal temperature. Some one says, "To give moral subjects their true relief, you require, as in the stereoscope, to look through two glasses—that of the intellect and that of the heart." Emerson looks through one only. In matters of worldly wisdom he has wonderful clearness, exquisite perception, insight that makes the reading of his books a succession of pleased surprises—glimpses of the lovely face of Truth. But in questions of Christian duty, he is no more to be relied upon than his favorite Plato. He is a finished Greek. What was lacking in those pure and great minds to which he turns continually as nearest friends is lacking in his. He shuts Love out. Not the perception of its beauty. He were no true Greek, if insensible to that. He says:—

"The remedy for all blunders, the cure of blindness, the cure of crime, is love. 'As much love, so much mind,' said the Latin proverb. The superiority that has no superior; the redeemer and instructor of souls, as it is their primal essence, is love."

So his mental vision is clear enough. Yet things like this slip from his pen—true in one view, but so emptied of all human feeling as to make your blood stand still as if you saw a spectre:—

"The German and Irish millions, like the Negro, have a great deal of Guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely to make a spot of green grass on the prairie."

We are reminded by contrast of one of the side scenes in a recent novel. A lonely but in the midst of a pine forest—a woman dying prematurely from hardship and privation; she reviews her life, and cannot see why she was sent into the world to drag out an existence of suffering. So deep is her ignorance that she hardly knows there is a Bible—her faithful slave has somewhere caught up a fragment and repeats it, assuring her that it is from the Word of God—"Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is the right knock at the right place. "Did *He* say that?" cries the poor creature, eagerly, with the feeling of a sick child nestling to its mother's arms; and she passes away in peace, her dying moments lighted by a vision of the pitying face of Christ.

Now this is true, and of all truths the dearest and most precious to the heart of man—that our Father cares for his children. It is not true that their utmost poverty and forlornness can hide them from His eye. The light that shone into the world eighteen hundred and sixty years ago shone especially upon the poor—those millions on whom the world's work rests so heavily. Jesus came to show us, by word and deed, not only that the lowest of the race were dear to God, but that they were *especially* dear, as a tender mother loves among her children those who *need* her care, rather than those who deserve it. Men knew that God was all-powerful, all-wise, all-good. They still longed to feel that He cared for them. It was His LOVE for which they were hungering and thirating; which, once assured of, they will never let go, though all philosophy and all reasoning prove their faith vanity. And the mighty impulse toward good, the wonderful series of inventions which are making earth a pleasant place for all, proceed not from the spirit that looks upon the masses as only fit to enrich the earth by their dying, but from that which sees in every man of them a child of God, one of Christ's little ones, an inheritor of light which the more favored must help him to attain.

Mr. Emerson is severe upon selfish weaknesses. This we enjoy. Let truth be spoken about all human foibles; let it lay bare the sins of the spirit as the surgeon's scalpel the diseases of the body—it only wounds to heal. The following, about sickness, is not too hard. We have seen some curious specimens of that delusion through which people pride themselves upon their infirmities. "I have had the neuralgia nine years," said a pretty and plump young lady, with as much complacency and as much assurance of consideration on account of it as if she had said, "I have a diamond necklace." Those who are ashamed of ill health are certainly much nearer the mark than those who glory in it. Our philosopher quotes gruff old Dr. Johnson, "Every man is a rascal as soon as he is sick," and himself says:—

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have head-ache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awaked company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come.

Mr. Emerson has no faith that scholarship and practical farming can be united. Those who love gardening will be the most amused with the truth of this passage:—

We had in this region, twenty years ago, among our educated men, a sort of Arcadian fanaticism, a passionate desire to go upon the land, and unite farming to intellectual pursuits. Many effected their purpose, and made the experiment, and some became downright ploughmen; but all were cured of their faith that scholarship and practical farming, (I mean, with one's own hands,) could be united.

With brow bent, with firm intent, the pale scholar leaves his desk to draw a freer breath, and get a juster statement of his thought, in the garden-walk. He stoops to pull up a purslain, or a dock, that is choking the young corn, and finds there are two; close behind the last, is a third; he reaches out his hand to a fourth; behind that, are four thousand and one. He is heated and untuned, and by and by, wakes up from his idiot dream of chickweed and red-root, to remember his morning thought, and to find, that, with his adamantine purpose, he has been duped by a dandelion. A garden is like those pernicious machineries we read of, every month, in the newspapers, which catch a man's coat-skirt or his hand, and draw in his arm, his leg, and his whole body to irresistible destruction. In an evil hour he pulled down his wall, and added a field to his homestead. No land is bad, but land is worse. If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home, if he dare. Every tree and grass, every hill of melons, row of corn, or quickset hedge, all he has done, and all he means to do, stand in his way, like duns, when he would go out of his gate. The devotion to these vines and trees, he finds presently, Long free walks, a-circuit of miles, free his brain, and serve his body. Long marches are no hardship to him. He believes he composes easily on the hills. But this pottering in a few spare yards of garden is dispiriting and drivelling. The smell of the plants has drugged him, and robbed him of energy. He finds a catalepsy in his bones. He grows peevish and poor-spirited. The genius of reading and of gardening are antagonistic, like resinous and vitreous electricity. One is concentrative in sparks and shocks; the other is diffuse strength; so that each disqualifies its workman for the other's duties.

What we like in Emerson is often only the peculiar and original utterance of something familiar; the thought that lay in your own mind as ore in the ground, unrecognized or merely felt to be there, drops from his pen in silver sentences, perfect as coin from the mint. It is sublimated common sense—Yankee faculty distilled. He seems to have every kind of wisdom except that which comes through suffering. The shortcomings of literary people are thus quaintly accounted for:—

We parade our nobilities in poems and orations, instead of working them up into happiness. There is a whisper out of the ages to him who can understand it,—"whatever is known to myself alone, has always very great value." There is some reason to believe, that, when a man does not write his poetry, it escapes by other vents through him, instead of the one vent of writing; clings to his form and face, whilst poets have often nothing poetical about them except their verses. Jacobi said, that "when a man has fully expressed his thought, he has somewhat less possession of it." One would say, the rule is,—What a man is irresistibly urged to say, helps him and us. In explaining his thought to others, he explains it to himself: but when he opens it for show, it corrupts him.

MATRIMONIAL.

One more unfortunate,
Lonely and troubled;
Rashly importunate—
Went and got doubled.

☞ In a recent book on The Oyster, the author quotes the great Boerhaave as authority to prove that that succulent animal is capable, of itself, when taken as a food, to restore even consumptive patients to perfect health.

☞ A correspondent of the Transcript writes from San Francisco: "A California horse of the old Spanish stock never becomes thoroughly civilized. He may be never so well broken, and seem completely meek and docile; he may be worn down and nearly worn out in an omnibus or a dray, but he carries a drop of savage and untamable blood in his heart that will sometimes make him vicious and insane in a moment, after years of good behaviour. It is, therefore, always dangerous to be safe with one of them, especially on a wild mountain path."

☞ A letter from Madras speaks of a curious case in court there, the managers of a heathen temple having been complained of for stealing the idols and their ornaments.

☞ Lady Crampton, formerly Victoria Balfe, the opera singer, was lately presented to the Empress of Russia, and received with the most flattering marks of grace and favor. This reception is deemed in fashionable circles, a direct rebuke to certain aristocratic ladies, who were greatly shocked at the introduction of a plebeian element into the diplomatic corps.

☞ The Marquis of Bute is thirteen years old, and has an income amounting to as much as *four hundred thousand dollars a year*. As he is an orphan, his relations are fighting about their respective claims to the guardianship of the young heir.

☞ The London Critic, speaking of novels, divides them into four classes. There is first of all the novel that has plot and characters; secondly, that which has plot but no characters; thirdly, that which has characters but no plot; and fourthly, that which has neither plot nor characters.

☞ SHABBY EXCUSE.—"I see," said an ambitious paragraphist, to a newspaper publisher, "that you copied an article of mine in your last issue, without giving credit."—"Credit!" was the retort, "how can you expect me to give credit when everybody is going to smash? As a sensible business man I couldn't do it."

☞ The statistic report of the number of animals slaughtered in New York, for last year, shows that the annual average is "two animals for each inhabitant"—a yoke of oxen apiece, to keep us moving!

☞ A good action is never thrown away. That is the reason, no doubt, we find so few of them.

A WINTER'S TALE.

PARIS, Jan. 18, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

A few evenings since, a party assembled round a huge wood fire that sent forth its bright glow into the old-fashioned *salon* of an old country house, a few miles from Paris, to which we had been invited on the pretext of skating and sliding on a large "piece of water," now turned into ice, that forms the principal feature of the grounds. The gentlemen, and not a few of the ladies of the party, passed the principal part of the afternoon upon the ice, cutting their initials, their full names, and various whimsical patterns on the great frozen sheet, from which the snow had been swept for their convenience. The rest of the guests, finding it cold work to remain on the edge of the pond, watching the evolutions of their more adventurous companions, took a walk through the white, frosted trees of the adjoining wood. All duly assembled at the chateau to dinner, at six; when a project that had been concocted by the group of walkers that had accompanied the hostess on the woodland ramble, was announced to the company, and adopted by acclamation.

This project was simple enough; but enabled us to pass a charming evening. It was, that every one present should recount something, an anecdote, a few verses, a story, or the recital of an adventure; on pain of a fine to be disbursed in the form of warm clothes or fuel to the poor of the *arrondissement* of the capital inhabited by the recalcitrant guests. Several members of the party immediately bought themselves off, presenting to our hostess—an indefatigable visitor among the poor of Paris, where she usually passed the winter, various amounts which they begged her to distribute among her protegés. The others duly "executed themselves," as the French would say; and a few of the stories told seeming to me worth remembering, I made notes of them for the benefit of your readers; the only one which I have yet had time to write from these jottings, and which I proceed to lay before them, being the following, to which, as an appropriate heading, I beg to prefix the title of

THE GRANDMOTHER'S ARM-CHAIR.

Labouheyre is a station on the Bordeaux and Bayonne railway. The humble village is half-way between those two cities, in the midst of the sandy and arid plains, called *landes*, showing little other vegetation than stunted pines, and over which the people of the region are accustomed to move with the aid of rude stilts. These queer aids to locomotion are in such general use throughout the *landes*, that they form a distinguishing feature of the "life under difficulties" which constitutes, in the main, the social existence of the inhabitants of that poor and remote portion of *la belle France*.

Before reaching Labouheyre, the traveller journeys through some twenty miles of sandy desert. At length the rushing train comes to a stand-still in the midst of a score or two of low, mud-built dwellings, covered with red tiles, that look as though they had been dropped down at random on the edge of a forest of scrubby pines. This poverty-stricken village is Labouheyre.

The utter stagnation of the place is broken only by the passage of the trains, and by the fairs that are held there twice in each year. But the excitement of the sleepy villagers at the epoch of these fairs is great indeed. Crowds of visitors flock to the fair from all the country side, for fifty miles round. Entire families make their appearance, arriving in clumsy covered carts, drawn by oxen, with heavy lumbering wheels, and white awnings, which afford shelter to the occupants from the sun by day, and from the dews by night. The journey, through this unstable country, in which the wheels often sink to the axles, and the oxen to their haunches, often lasts for weeks together; and the long files of white wagons, creeping slow across the sandy wilderness, look not unlike a caravan crossing the desert.

While the fair last, every hovel in Labouheyre is metamorphosed into a lodging-house, and every villager into a tavern-keeper; the natives take up their quarters in stables and cowsheds, and let out every corner of their dwellings to strangers, whom they fleece, at such times, to their heart's content.

It was at one of these busy periods that an incident occurred, which the domestic annalists of the village still recount at their Candlemas and Hallow-een gatherings round the blazing pine log fires that never fail to greet the return of those favorite festivals. At the period in question, a young German painter, who has since made for himself a brilliant place in the world of art, was making a sketching-tour in the south of France. He had often heard of the strange, desolate scenery of the *landes*; and the sight of certain pictures of Brascassat and Ross Bonheur, which render in all their primitive charm, the vague and dreamy expanses of the region, determined him to turn his steps in that direction.

When Fritz Haeckels, as we will call our artist, reached Labouheyre, the cracked bell of the little church was sounding the hour before midnight; and the entire village, notwithstanding the excitement of the fair, was wrapped in slumber. Every door was closed, every window barred. Not a light was to be seen; not even a dog was stirring. The young artist, puzzled as to what to do for a lodging, at length determined to knock at all the doors until he should find some sort of quarters for the night. He accordingly walked up to the door of the first house he came to, and tapping thereat with his walking-stick, he listened for some sound within indicative of wakefulness on the part of its occupants. But he had not to listen long; for the door was almost immediately thrown open, and Fritz, at once entering the cottage, found himself in a large, low room, half kitchen, half sitting-room, with a floor of earth, and a bright fire on the wide open hearth, for, even in the month of July, the people of the *landes* never think of going to bed without "taking an airing at the fire," as a preservative against the proverbial insalubrity of the region.

Two men, and a woman of some fifty years of age, were seated beside the fire. As Fritz entered the room, he deposited his walking-stick and valise upon the table, while the two men rose from their seats, took from the corner of the overhanging chimney-piece a candle of pitch that was burning in a rude wooden candle-stick, and went out by a door at the farther end of the apartment, saluting their hostess with a "Good-night to you, Dame Bernardine!"

"Good-night to you both," replied the hostess, as she advanced toward the newcomer, and demanded what he wanted.

"Why, at this time of night," replied Fritz, "one can hardly want anything else than supper and a bed."

"A bed!" returned the woman, "ah, monsieur, that is quite impossible. There are already five or six persons in every one of my rooms. The two travellers who have just gone out of this room are going to sleep on the same mattress; and that will cost them five francs," added the woman. "And yet they are rich resin-dealers from the neighborhood of Labpostey. One of them has this very day sold twenty-five thousand francs' worth of rosin. And only to think of it!—they spent an hour in disputing before they would consent to give five francs for my mattress, which makes only fifty *sous* apiece for them!"

"And do you think, madame," interrupted the artist, "that I can anywhere find a supper and a bed?"

"I think it very doubtful, monsieur; at least, for the bed. For the supper, that's another matter: and I'm quite ready to serve you. Would you like a leg of goose stewed with cabbage? It is all I have left."

"Let me have it, by all means," cried the hungry artist, approvingly.

"I must tell you," continued the hostess, "that this is not an inn. But, during fair-time, I do like everybody else, and take in travellers. One must try to be useful to one's fellow-creatures."

"And to oneself," added Fritz, laughing.

Five minutes after, the latter was devouring the stewed leg of goose, to which his hunger imparted all needed relish, and drinking with great gusto the excellent wine set before him by his hostess.

"Dear Madame Bernardine, for I think that is the name by which I heard you addressed, a few moments ago," said the painter, when he had finished his supper.

"Yes," replied the hostess, "I go by that name, because my husband was called Bernard. I am a widow."

"Well, then, my dear Madame Bernard, permit me to inquire where you are going to lodge me for the night?"

"Alas! monsieur, I have nothing in the shape of a bed to offer you, not even a mattress!" replied the Landaise in a tone of regret, for she was sorry to turn away a lodger whose manner pleased her, and who had announced his intention of prolonging his stay beyond the time of the fair.

"Then I must go and knock at all the houses, one after the other, until I can find a lodging," cried the artist, gaily.

"You will awaken everybody, and that will be all; for every house in the village is as full as mine."

"I suppose so. But what can I do? I am very tired with my long day's tramp; and now that your excellent wine is making my eyelids heavier than ever, I quite envy those two rosin dealers, who are fast asleep, at fifty sous apiece. Indeed, I think the charge exceedingly low; I would willingly pay five francs for a bed, or even ten francs. Come, now, I am sure you are clever at contriving, and if you try, you will find some way of quartering me. Have you not some bed that you can give me?"

"I told you, just now, that I have nothing left; not even a mattress."

"Have you a sofa?"

"Not anything of the kind!" reiterated the hostess, who seemed almost as much to regret the fact, as the young man himself. She remained for an instant silent, as though turning the matter over in her own mind. Then, raising her eyes to the artist's face, she seemed to scrutinize it carefully.

"Well, I've just remembered—"

"Ah! at last!" exclaimed the artist, triumphantly, "I thought you would end by finding me something!"

"Don't rejoice too soon," resumed the hostess. The only thing I have left in the house is a large arm-chair, that stands in my mother's room, and in which she often takes a nap during the day. How much did you say you would pay? Ten francs, I think."

"Did I say ten francs?"

"Yes!"

"But for a bed?"

"Well, you shall have the chair for five francs; it is well worth the half of a bed.—You will sleep perfectly well in it without undressing. I really have nothing else to offer you; and you can take it, or let it alone, just as you please."

"Very well; I accept the arm-chair, as there is nothing else to be had."

"But I have not told you all. The chair is in a room already occupied."

"By whom?"

"By a woman."

"Young or old?"

"An old woman of ninety, my mother. She would be furious if she perceived that I had lent her chamber to a stranger, but luckily she sleeps very soundly. I will take you into her room without a light; you will seat yourself in the arm-chair without making any noise, and you will try and not snore too loud, for fear of waking her."

"Very good," returned Fritz. "I'll do my best."

More than half asleep, the young man followed his hostess, groping his way as well as he could, with his hands. They climbed up a rude stairway, and when they had reached the top, the hostess stopped at a door, and listened.

A quiet and regular breathing was audible through the silence.

"She is asleep; we can venture in," whispered the woman. "The big arm-chair is at the left of the bed; go very softly. Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Good-night."

The hostess closed the door, listened for a moment, to make sure that the old grandmother had not been awakened, and then crept softly down stairs to the fire.

As for the tired and sleepy artist, how he fared in the great arm-chair, and what came of his adventure, shall be duly related in my next.

QUANTUM.

The Missouri, Crittenden, Bigler and BORDER STATES' COMPROMISES.

Inquiries having been made as to the points of likeness and unlikeness of the Crittenden resolutions and other compromises, we publish the corresponding provisions of each:—

MISSOURI COMPROMISE, 1820.

SECTION 8. That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby forever prohibited: Provided, always, that any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed, in any State or Territory of the United States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor, or service, as aforesaid.

CRITTENDEN COMPROMISE, 1861.

1. In all the Territories now or hereafter acquired north of latitude thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, slavery or involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, is prohibited; while in all the Territory south of that latitude, slavery is here recognized as existing, and shall not be interfered with by Congress, but shall be protected as property by all departments of the Territorial Government during its continuance. All the Territory north or south of said line, within such boundaries as Congress may prescribe, when it contains a population necessary for a member of Congress, with a republican form of government, shall be admitted into the Union on an equality with the original States, with or without slavery, as the Constitution of the State shall prescribe.

2. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery in the States permitting slavery.

3. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, while it exists in Virginia and Maryland, or either; nor shall Congress at any time prohibit the officers of the Government or Members of Congress, whose duties require them to live in the District of Columbia, bringing slaves there, and holding them as such.

4. Congress shall have no power to hinder the transportation of slaves from one State to another, whether by land, navigable rivers or sea.

5. Congress shall have power by law to pay an owner who shall apply, the full value for a fugitive slave in all cases when the Marshal is prevented from discharging his duty by force or rescue made after arrest. In all such cases the owner shall have power to sue the county in which such violence or rescue was made, and the county shall have the right to sue the individuals who committed the wrong, in the same manner as the owner could sue.

6. No further amendment or amendments shall affect the preceding articles, and Congress shall never have power to interfere with slavery in the States where it is now permitted.

The last resolution declares that the Southern States have a right to the faithful execution of the laws for the recovery of slaves, and such laws ought not to be repealed or modified so as to impair their efficiency. All laws in conflict with the Fugitive Slave Law it shall not be deemed improper for Congress to ask the repeal of. The Fugitive Slave Law ought to be so altered as to make the fee of the Commissioners equal, whether he decides for or against the claimant, and the clause authorizing the person holding the warrant to summon a *posse comitatus* to be so as to restrict it to cases where violence or rescue is attempted. The laws for the suppression of the African Slave Trade ought to be faithfully executed.

THE BIGLER PROPOSITION.

The following is the corresponding portion of Mr. Bigler's proposition:—

Article 1. The territory held, *or that may hereafter be acquired* by the United States, shall be divided by a line from East to West, on the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude.

Article 2. That in all the territory north of said line of latitude, involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime is prohibited; and in all territory south of said line, involuntary servitude, as it now exists in the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, is hereby recognized, and shall be sustained and protected by all the departments of the territorial governments; and when any territory north and south of said line, within such boundaries as Congress may prescribe, shall contain the population requisite for a member of Congress, according to the then Federal ratio of representation of the people of the United States, it shall then be the duty of Congress to admit such territory into the Union on terms of equality with the original States.

THE BORDER STATE COMPROMISE

1. Recommending the repeal of all the Personal Liberty bills.

2. That the Fugitive Slave law be amended for the preventing of kidnapping, and so as to provide for the equalization of the Commissioner's fee, &c.

3. That the Constitution be so amended as to prohibit any interference with slavery in any of the States where it now exists.

4. That Congress shall not abolish slavery in the Southern dockyards, arsenals, &c., nor in the District of Columbia, without the consent of Maryland, and the consent of the inhabitants of the District, nor without compensation.

5. That Congress shall not interfere with the inter-State slave trade.

6. That there shall be a perpetual prohibition of the African slave trade.

7. That the line of 36 degrees 30 minutes shall be run through all the existing territory of the United States; that in all north of that line slavery shall be prohibited, and that south of that line neither Congress nor the territorial Legislature shall hereafter pass any law abolishing, prohibiting, or in any manner interfering with African slavery; and that when any territory containing a sufficient population for one member of Congress in any area of 60,000 square miles shall apply for admission as a State, it shall be admitted, with or without slavery, as its Constitution may determine.

A SKATING GLEE.

Away—away—in our airy play,
Like a hawk through the night air sweeping—
Till we leave in our flight through the starry night,
The wind behind us creeping!
Till the red blood leaps with a quicker bound,
With freedom and gladness rife;
Till the heart-throbs beat with a fuller sound
The tones of the chime of life!

Away—away—in our airy play,
Over the bright ice flashing—
With the gleam of the steel, as we curve and wheel,
Like stars through the clear air flashing:
The students are swept from the heart and brow
By the thrill of the gladdening motion;
And joy sparkles up in our spirits now,
As the white foam crowns the ocean!

Away—away—in our airy play,
And shout so the hills shall hear us;
Sorrow may wait at to-morrow's gate—
To-night she shall not come near us!
So swiftly we dash in our headlong chase,
That she with her eyes tear-blind,
Can never keep up with our flying pace,
But is left in the shade behind!

Away—away—in our airy play,
Like a hawk through the night air sweeping—
See what bright eyes from the quiet skies
Down on our sports are peeping:
And as years roll by in their rapid flight,
Looking back, we shall hear and see
The friends that glide on by our side to-night,
And the tones of the Skaters Glee!

THE GREAT AIM OF EDUCATION.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges such function.

This test, never used in its entirety, but rarely even partially used, and used then in a vague, half conscious way, has to be applied consciously, methodically, and throughout all cases. It behoves us to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clearly in view, complete living as the end to be achieved; so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction, with deliberate reference to this end. Not only ought we to cease from the mere unthinking adoption of the current fashion in education, which has no better warrant than any other fashion; but we must also rise above that rude, empirical style of judging displayed by those more intelligent people who do bestow some care in overseeing the cultivation of their children's minds. It must not suffice simply to *think* that such or such information will be useful in after life, or that this kind of knowledge is of more practical value than that; but we must seek out some process of estimating their respective values, so that as far as possible we may positively *know* which are most deserving of attention.

Doubtless the task is difficult—perhaps never to be more than approximately achieved. But, considering the vastness of the interests at stake, its difficulty is no reason for pusillanimously passing it by; but rather for devoting every energy to its mastery. And if we only proceed systematically, we may very soon get at results of no small moment.

Our first step must obviously be to classify, in the order of their importance, the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. They may be naturally arranged into:—1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation; 2. Those activities which, by securing the necessaries of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; 3. Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring; 4. Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations; 5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

That these stand in something like their true order of subordination, it needs no long consideration to show. The actions and precautions by which, from moment to moment, we secure personal safety, must clearly take precedence of all others. Could there be a man, ignorant as an infant of all surrounding objects and movements, or how to guide himself among them, he would pretty certainly lose his life the first time he went into the street: not withstanding any amount of learning he might have on other matters. And as entire ignorance in all other directions would be less promptly fatal than entire ignorance in this direction, it must be admitted that knowledge immediately conducive to self preservation is of primary importance.

That next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation which consists in acquiring the means of living, none will question. That a man's industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones, is manifest from the fact that, speaking generally, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of the industrial ones. The power of self-maintenance necessarily preceding the power of maintaining offspring, it follows that knowledge needful for self maintenance has stronger claims than knowledge needful for family welfare—is second in value to none save knowledge needful for immediate self preservation.

As the family comes before the State in order of time—as the bringing up of children is possible before the State exists, or when it has ceased to be, whereas the State is rendered possible only by the bringing up of children; it follows that the duties of the parent demand closer attention than those of the citizen. Or, to use a further argument—since the goodness of a society ultimately depends on the nature of its citizens; and since the nature of its citizens is more modifiable by early training than by anything else; we must conclude that the welfare of the family underlies the welfare of society. And hence knowledge directly conducing to the first, must take precedence of knowledge directly conducing to the last.

Those various forms of pleasurable occupation which fill up the leisure left by graver occupations—the enjoyments of music, poetry, painting, &c.—manifestly imply a pre-existing society. Not only is a considerable development of them impossible without a long established social union; but their very subject matter consists in great part of social sentiments and sympathies. Not only does society supply the conditions to their growth; but also the ideas and sentiments they express. And, consequently, that part of human conduct which constitutes good citizenship is of more moment than that which goes out in accomplishments or exercise of the tastes; and, in education, preparation for the one must rank before preparation for the other.

* * * * * * * *

If any one doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Occasionally only do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. Scarcely is there one to whom you put the question, who has not, in the course of his life, brought upon himself illnesses which a little knowledge would have saved him from. Here is a case of heart disease consequent on a rheumatic fever that followed reckless exposure. There is a case of eyes spoiled for life by overstudy. Yesterday the account was of one whose long-enduring lameness was brought on by continuing, spite of the pain, to use a knee after it had been slightly injured. And to-day we are told of another who has had to lie by for years, because he did not know that the palpitation he suffered from resulted from overtaxed brain. Now we hear of an irremediable injury that followed some silly feat of strength; and, again, of a constitution that has never recovered from the effects of excessive work needlessly undertaken. While on all sides we see the perpetual minor ailments which accompany feebleness. Not to dwell on the natural pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill-health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question; and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sins—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill-health, deduct more from complete living than anything else? and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benefaction and a pleasure?

To all which add the fact, that life besides being thus immensely deteriorated, is also cut short. It is not true, as we commonly suppose, that a disorder or disease from which we have recovered leaves us as before. No disturbance of the normal course of the functions can pass away and leave things exactly as they were. In all cases a permanent change is done—not immediately appreciable, it may be, but still there; and along with other such items which Nature in her strict account-keeping never drops, will tell against us to the inevitable shortening of our days. Through the accumulation of small injuries it is that constitutions are commonly undermined, and break down, long before their time. And if we call to mind how far the average duration of life falls below the possible duration, we see how immense is the loss. When, to the numerous partial deductions which bad health entails, we add this great final deduction, it results that ordinarily more than one half of life is thrown away.

Hence, knowledge which subserves direct self-preservation by preventing this loss of health, is of primary importance. We do not contend that possession of such knowledge would by any means wholly remedy the evil. For it is clear that in our present phase of civilization men's necessities often compel them to transgress. And it is further clear that, even in the absence of such compulsion, their inclinations would frequently lead them, spite of their knowledge, to sacrifice future good to present gratification. But we do contend that the right knowledge impressed in the right way would effect much; and we further contend that as the laws of health must be recognized before they can be fully conformed to, the imparting of such knowledge must precede a more rational living—come when that may. We infer that as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields in moment to no other whatever. And therefore we assert that such a course of physiology as is needful for the comprehension of its general truths, and their bearings on daily conduct, is an all-essential part of a rational education.

Strange that the assertion should need making! Stranger still that it should need defending! Yet are there not a few by whom such a proposition will be received with something approaching to derision. Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigenia instead of Iphigenia, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labors of a fabled demi-god, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal cord, what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the lungs are inflated. While anxious that their sons should be well up in the superstitions of two thousand years ago, they care not that they should be taught anything about the structure and functions of their own bodies—nay, would even disapprove such instruction. So overwhelming is the influence of established routine! So terribly in our education does the ornamental override the useful!

☞ Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

☞ "I have given you an honest opinion, madam." "Sir, you never had one."

☞ An order issued by poor and imbecile rulers, is the order of *things*.

LONDON BRIDGE DURING THE FROST OF 1813–14.

The present severe winter in England—a contrast to that which we are experiencing this side of the ocean—has naturally called up reminiscences of the old times—which can generally match the present in anything wonderful or strange. Four times during the last century the Thames was frozen. Only once during the present century, in 1813-14, has it been reduced to the same condition. Two days after Christmas there was a thick fog, followed by heavy falls of snow, and a month's frost, during which the wind blew bitingly from the north or north-east, with little interruption. The river was covered with masses of floating ice, bearing huge heaps of snow, which no sooner became compact, towards the close January, than "City Road" made its appearance, a street of booths upon the congealed flood, occupied by various craftsmen. Our illustration, taken from a collection of prints in the King's Library, British Museum, represents the accumulation of ice and snow at Old London Bridge. Among the doings of the time, sheep were roasted whole, and slices of the so-called "Lapland mutton" were sold to the crowd. The printers, never backward to earn a penny, and very commendably so when their offering is worth it, issued invitations, thus:—

"You that walk here, and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year befell,
Come buy this print, and then it will be seen
That such a year as this has seldom been.

"Amidst the arts which on the Thames appear,
To tell the wonders of this icy year,
Printing claims prior place, which at one view
Erects a monument of this and you.

"Printed on the River Thames, February 4, in the 54th year of the reign of George III. Anno Domini, 1814."

The last documen. printed was a *jeu-de-mot* to Madame Tabitha Thaw. Whether this was a skit upon the old lady, or a defiance, or an invocation, we have not taken the trouble to ascertain. But sure it is, that Madame Thaw arrived suddenly by an invisible express, in a right melting mood, and with an all-subduing air. Printers, buyers, sellers and idlers decamped instanter; and presses, booths and stalls were left to their fate on the disrupting ice.

THE LIKENESS.

[Lenora is daily "engaged," and offers Charles her photographic likeness.]

I've a portrait already of thee, ladie mine
Love used the photographer's art.
You looked for a while with your beamy bright smile,
And rays fix'd on my sensitive heart.

You do not believe it? Then see in my eyes
The image that dwells in my breast,
The miniature, beauty mine, loving and gay,
Jumps up to convince you, and when you're away,
Sinks back to the place of its rest. A. F.

A TERRIBLE COMPOSITION.

Chloride of nitrogen will, it is said, soon be utilized as an implement of war. Its employment would be likely, we should conjecture, to put an end to all war. Mr. Isham Baggs of England, in announcing his discovery, makes mention of a system of balooning advocated by Mr. James. Mr. Baggs proposes to carry up his composition in balloons, and drop it from the air in the midst of armies and fortresses. "The very mention of this compound," he goes on to say, "as a proposed element in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a smile among chemists, who know that the most accomplished among their number would scarcely dare to experiment with it in quantities larger than a grain of mustard seed, and, even then, only at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of its detonation."

"And yet not one of the chemists will be bold enough to deny that, with two or three chemically clean carboys of this terrible compound present in a city or fortress, however strong, the slightest cutting of phosphorus, or a single drop of olive oil, coming in contact with it, would in one instant decide the fate of the place and its inhabitants." Mr. Baggs then proceeded to affirm that he "can manufacture this deadly material with perfect safety, and in any required quantity, and that it may be safely conveyed to its destination by James' system of balloons."

A GOOD WOMAN.

I account a pure, beautiful, intelligent, and well-bred woman, the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister and wife, such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of that home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence. As an element of society, she invites into finest demonstrations all that is good in the heart, and shames into secrecy and silence all that is unbecoming and despicable. There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of manhood, but, surely, in womanhood God most delights to show the beauty of the holiness and the sweetness of the love of which he is the infinite source. It is for this reason that a girl or young woman is a very sacred thing to me. It is for this reason that a silly young woman, or a vicious one makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may write worthily to young women.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

☞ NOT LOST.—A gentleman, whose house was repairing, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a number of nails lying about, said to the carpenter employed on the work, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they'll certainly be lost." "No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them in the bill."

FALLING IN LOVE.

Is falling in love a reality? If it be, we ought to be able to say what kind of reality. Of course, everybody knows that people do fall in love, or say, or think, they do in England. Therefore, it might be said, the thing is so far real. But that answer is unsatisfactory. Not to treat the matter ethically or metaphysically, in a strict or technical sense, let us examine what we really mean when we speak of it, and how far it is true, or even possible. There is no question as to love itself being an affection of the mind and an instinct of man. The question rather is, is it a mere instinct and more or less involuntary? Can we—must we fall in love? Or is love under our control?—Can we love, or refrain from loving at our will? More young ladies, and not a few weak young gentlemen, and some old fools, have made fatal mistakes in life, from a superstitious belief in love at first sight, and from supposing that falling in love had controlled them like a fate. I am really most anxious to add to the happy poetry of your life: I wish that you may "love once, love ever." Therefore I say, don't fall in love. Be very cautious, and keep your heart, till a very worthy fellow—I don't say necessarily handsome (for handsome women especially know what is the real value of mere outward beauty)—but a man, a noble fellow, a gentleman, a Christian, offers to you his heart, his hand, his home; and then set your heart upon him, and love him with all your soul. You don't object to that arrangement, I know. Well, then, it is not likely to be carried out, or ever to succeed, in your case, if you are only eager to catch some one—if you are ready to flirt with every coxcomb. You must really and steadfastly be very passive, and keep your heart all disengaged for that sweet, expected whisper, and embarrassed declaration of love. A "matron" might have given other advice, or given it in another way; and I am going to tell you what she probably does not know. Strange as it may appear to you, I assure you that, even in this case, you will truly be the first to love! Were the secret of man's heart known, it would be found that he really cannot love, in the full sense of that sacred word, till he is loved. Woman never ought to love till she at least thinks she is loved. Man loves in order to be loved; woman, to bestow her love. When a man admires the beauty and grace of woman (I speak not of the mere sensualist), his desire is not so much to indulge his love of these, as that he may be loved by the possessor. True woman chiefly feels a longing to bestow her heart and lavish all her sweet, attractive grace upon the man who adores or worships her. It is this distinction in the character of the passion of love in man and woman that renders reciprocal affection, and those mutual attractions of which we have been speaking, so complete and perfect and congruous. It is this difference between man and woman that naturally assigns to each their proper part in the everlasting bond they contract. "Her desire shall be to her husband," rather than his to her, and he shall rule over her—a loving rule, however, while both are true to their obligations of love. "It is not good for man to be alone;" he requires the solace she gives as his "helpmate;" while she has her joy in thus watching and helping and being devoted to "her lord." Not only does this theory of loving at will (not loving what is incongruous to our nature, but what pleases,) serve to regulate the chief joy of life at first, but it both creates the bond, and secures it from rupture in future. The heart is fixed; it never is disturbed by foolish dreams of uncontrollable love, which too often ought to have another name; for it shows how great is the guilt of those who are unfaithful in doing their part to render the married life ever harmonious. We are too apt to talk of human failings and infirmities, and plead for their indulgence, instead of striving to correct or eradicate them. Like foolish girls who believe in falling in love, when people begin to accept their own imperfections as inevitable, and take for granted they "can't be helped," they mostly realize to the full the evil effects of their belief. Their infirmities grow upon them—a vexation to themselves and others. Perhaps three-fourths of the misery of the better classes among us result from errors at the outset of life in this matter of love, or supposed love; and a great deal of it is, no doubt, due to a belief in love being beyond our perfect control. It is the master passion, and when once indulged has doubtless potent sway, and scarce can be uprooted. It must then live till it dies down—is worn out; but hence the great necessity to take care of the beginnings. The grand precept of the Christian religion is to love; it is given as a command which we are to obey. To love is, therefore, an act of the human will; not a mere instinct or uncontrollable desire. The command implies the obligation and the power. In religion we are to "set our hearts on things above," and renounce what is contrary to our profession. In morals, and as a social precept, it is in like manner our duty "to set our hearts upon" worthy objects; and only "to love" where it is proper. 'To fall in love' with a woman or man is, strictly speaking, as absurd as to talk of falling in love with your neighbor's house, or to yield to any other covetousness, as if it were uncontrollable.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

PAYING FOR HIS PRACTICE.—An Arab was cured of a frightful malady by the English physician who was travelling in the East with Lamartine. After the completion of the cure, the Arab went to the English doctor, *not to pay his bill, but to ask for a considerable pecuniary gift.* On the physician peremptorily declining to adopt this course, the Arab remarked that he had hoped to find him more ready to manifest this gratitude to God for conferring on him knowledge enough to cure such mortal diseases as he, the Arab, had lately been struggling against.

TWO MODES OF DOING BUSINESS.

As an instance of what is meant by conventional politeness, let us give a description of a transaction between a shoemaker and a fishmonger in England, and then change the scene to China. The shoemaker has been mending the fishmonger's shoes; he brings them home and enters his neighbor's shop with his cap on and whistling. "Well," says the fishmonger, "what do you mean to charge for this job?" "One and twopence," replies the shoemaker. The fishmonger unlocks his till. "I call that a good deal of money," he observes, as he counts it out.—"Couldn't take less," replies the shoemaker, taking it. "Thankee. They wanted more doing to 'em than I expected when I took them in hand. I say, neighbor, how do you sell your red herrings?" "Three for twopence," says the fishmonger, "and as good as ever swam." "Well, I don't mind if I take my missis twopenny worth home for her supper." So saying he hands back the twopence, chooses three herrings, and the transaction being now concluded, the fishmonger turns his back and begins to open oysters; the shoemaker goes out whistling. Now let the scene be transferred to China. A tailor has brought home a new silk petticoat for the master of an eating-shop. The two Chinamen catch sight of each other at opposite ends of the shop, advance with gravity, stop three times, and each time make profound bows. "What is your honorable business with me?" asks the master of the house. "Your inconsiderable servant having received your commands, has done himself the appreciated honor to wait on you in your splendid shop, with your new petticoat," replies the tailor. The other man receiving it answers, "In your handsome shop work is done with punctuality and elegance that I, poor man, cannot fail to admire and envy it." The two parties again bow to each other profoundly. "How is your handsome and much-to-be-envied wife?" inquires the tailor. "The homely woman is well, I thank you humbly," answers the Chinese husband, with the disparagement which politeness demands of him. "And your industrious and estimable sons, the cinder-gatherer, and the vender of roasted crab," proceeds the tailor, "your servant trusts they are well?" "The insignificant young dogs are well," replies their father, "and are your servants ever. I hope your illustrious father is well; your servant saw him yesterday looking out at the door of his magnificent meat-pie shop, in the splendid lane, which he honors as his residence." "The poor man, my father, is well, your servant thanks you." The price of the work having been previously agreed upon, the owner now produces it, and proffers it with profound bows; but the tailor retreats, and in his turn bows, making as if he could not think of taking it, and protesting that the honor of working for the illustrious master of the eating shop is in itself sufficient reward. The master of the shop, however, pursues him to the door with fresh bows, the tailor at length takes his money, and being careful not to turn his back on his customer, the two part with gravity and renewed compliments and prostrations. This little scene is not the least exaggerated.

CAN WATER BE USED AS FUEL?

It is quite a common belief that water thrown on a fiercely raging fire acts as fresh fuel to the flames, and makes the fire hotter. A little consideration of the nature of water, and the laws of combustion, will show that this belief is an error.

Water, for neutralizing heat, is far more efficient than any other substance. Thirteen pounds of water, at 212°, in changing into steam, will practically extinguish all the heat from the burning of a pound of coal; a thermometer placed in the steam will not be raised a single degree, although, in fact, heat enough is generated by the burning coal to melt nearly ten pounds of cast iron. Nothing will put out a fire so quick as water.

But it is said that water may be decomposed when thrown on the fire, and that then it will burn; this is nearly the truth. The water may be decomposed, but not in such a way that the oxygen of the water can assist in the burning of its hydrogen. The separation of the elements of water requires and consumes a great heat; the oxygen of the water combines with its equivalent of carbon, and so much carbon is, in effect, taken from the fire and produces no heat. When the water is thus decomposed, an equivalent of hydrogen simply takes the place of its equivalent of carbon, and gives out in burning precisely the same amount of heat as is attainable from the carbon. Of course, as hydrogen is a gas and carbon a solid, the decomposition of water in a charcoal fire would give a flame, where otherwise there would be none.

Now, if these facts be put together, we arrive at the practical conclusion that if water be thrown on a fire, in the first place a great deal of heat will be consumed in converting the water into steam; and, in the second place, that if any of the steam is decomposed, the hydrogen set free will be at the expense of its equivalent of carbon, and can, in burning, produce no more heat than the carbon.—*Scientific American.*

THE BUMP OF DESTRUCTIVENESS.—Getting shot is a fate that inevitably befalls any rare or strange bird that may happen to visit this country. Even a stray parrot runs a great risk if it should escape into the rural districts, as can be unwillingly testified by many a sorrowing and bereaved parrot-owner. So far does this cruel and abominable custom go, that I have known a parroquet to be shot by a farmer, though it had escaped from a house in the same little village. The destructive propensity is truly developed to a wonderful extent in some persons, who quite justify the sarcastic foreigner in his remark that a heavenly day always inspires an Englishman with a desire to go out and kill something.—*Routledge's Natural History.*

☞ A little boy being asked in Sunday-school, "What is the chief end of man?" answered, "The end what's got the head on."

SONG OF THE SNOW-BIRD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I come! when the heavens are white and still,
And the winds blow from the north;
When the echos are sharp by the frozen rill,
And the little ones go not forth.

I wander untam'd thro' the bracing air,
I and my fellows free,
Picking up crumbs where the soil seems bare,
And chirping of snows to be;

Of the soft, light flakes that shall flutter down,
'Till their coming is fast and dense,
And they whiten the eaves of the cottage brown,
And bury the way-side fence.

Of the wreaths that shall hang over latchless doors,
To startle the poor in-comer;
Of the sheets that shall stretch over bleak, wild moors,
And cover the corpse of Summer!

Merry I tap at the window low
Of some pleasant valley-cot;
Where the shadows of children sway to and fro,
And the cold or the frost come not;

Where the firelight flickers o'er mouths of mirth,
Or leaps to the friendly eyes;
Where the mother sits close by the cosy hearth,
And the babe in his cradle lies.

And I tap, I tap, 'til the little ones come
To peer thro' the frosty pane,
And tempt me to nibble the proffer'd crumb,
But tempt me to enter in vain;

For down from the heavens so still and dim,
To the earth so still below,
Like frozen foam from a goblet's brim,
Droppeth the pleasant snow!

And mad with the mirth of the dancing things
I've waited and watched so long,
I quiver the air with my russet wings,
And flee with my God-taught song!

THE GATE-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I.

From early dawn to evening late,
She sits beside the turnpike gate
To take the toll of those who wait!

II.

Folks stop to chat with her awhile,
And what she says serves to beguile
The way for many a weary mile.

III.

They call her pretty—and yet why?
'Tis not in lip, nor cheek, nor eye
Unusual necromancies lie!

IV.

Her soul its purity betrays
In a thousand childlike ways,
And *that* long in their memory stays!

V.

When done the life she glorifies,
Oh! she shall sit with starry eyes
Within the gates of Paradise!

Mt. Joy, Pa.

THE TRUER LIFE.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was! And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.
The good, though only thought, has life and breath;
God's life can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, 'tis one scene of parting here,
Love's watchword is—Farewell!
* * * * * *
'Tis but to feel that one most dear
Is needful to the heart,
And straight a voice is murmuring near,
Imperious, ye must part.—*Townshend.*

Parting—parting! Oh, terrible word! Is it not the knell of our happiness from the cradle to the grave—the spectre that haunts each banquet, poisons each caress, and casts over earth's brightest hours the unutterable dread of its presence—the knowledge that we must soon part for ever—with all we most love, all we most prize! Nor is it death always and only, that parts us. *That* separation we can bear, if not joyfully, at least patiently; but there are worse partings than those of the living from the dead. Change, coldness, falsehood, hate, jealousy—each has power to cause as perfect and entire alienation as the tomb; and far, far more hopeless and eternal. Those from whom God divides us, we may meet again; but those who divide themselves from us of their own free will, are indeed lost for ever.

No wonder, then, Ettore lingered over those few last moments, until, at length, her courteous patience wearied out, Beatrice exclaimed,

"How very late it is growing! Surely they must have brought the key!"

"What key? Oh, now I remember! But you will not go so soon? It is very early yet."

"I think not. The sun has been up a long time, I am sure; and if I delay, I shall be missed and sought for, and then it will be difficult indeed to keep my oath."

"But you will keep it?"

"With my life, if need be. Who would so dare to trifle with God as to break the word He had been called upon to witness?"

"Not you. If all the world is false, you, at any rate, are true!"

The girl smiled sadly.

"You praise me beyond my deserts. It may be that in being true to you I am false to others; but it is too late to think of that now. I have sworn, and I will keep my oath. Now, if you are indeed my friend, I pray you suffer me to go!"

For one instant he paused irresolutely, gazing on the ground; the next he raised his eyes, met those of Beatrice, with their trustful but anxious expression, and then, without a word, turned suddenly upon his heel and left the room by a door hidden beneath the fluted satin.

A moment's eager, fearful waiting to her thus left alone, and he returned, carrying a small curiously-wrought instrument, the use of which he carefully explained to Beatrice; saying in conclusion,

"Therefore, you see that without this key, the panel, as a means of entrance or exit, is perfectly useless, as it will not open on either side without it; although, by reason of the spring, it closes readily at any time. With this, then, in your own possession, you are safe from intrusion."

"Have you the power to give it to me?"

"He will be a daring man who questions it?"—and Ettore's eyes flashed; "and once in your hands, it cannot be stolen or wrested thence, except by treachery or force. Against the first you can protect yourself by wearing it always on your person; against the last, the arms of the entire band, now pledged to shield, will guard you. Have no fear—you are perfectly safe; last night's act has made you so."

"It was not of my own safety I thought, but of yours."

"Mine! Ah! that matters nothing now! But come, lady; if indeed you will go, let me lead you—the way is dark and intricate. Give me your hand."

Without hesitation, Beatrice obeyed him; and the Italian, grasping the little fingers tightly, led her out of the brilliant room, through long and low passages, so grave like and silent, that as she traversed them, the poor girl held her breath from fear.

At last they entered a narrow, lofty room, which Beatrice recognized instantly as that in which she had found herself so few hours before, upon passing through the panel; and here for the first time they paused, and Ettore, almost speechless from emotion, said in a low, husky voice, which his companion could scarcely hear,

"We part now and for ever; and if in all that has passed during your eventful visit here, I have done aught to serve you, promise—"

He stopped, unable to proceed, and Beatrice, scarcely less agitated than himself, continued,

"Not to forget to remember you? Ah, how can you doubt it! I should be base indeed, to forget him to whom I owe my life?"

"And whose mad love will embitter his own forever!"

"I trust—I pray not. You will soon find some worthier object to love, and forget me."

"Never!"

"Oh, yes, yes! But, hark! Ah! mercy, what is that?" cried Beatrice, as a loud knocking broke the stillness.

"Nothing of any consequence: only something that has fallen in the corridor."

"No, no; it is a summons at my door.—They have missed me from breakfast, and are come to call me! Quick! open the panel, or suspicion will be aroused!"

With cold, tremulous fingers the Italian sought out the oaken flower, the centre of which being pushed aside, revealed the tiny hole into which the key fitted; but even as he did so the knocking recommenced, and the faint sound of voices was distinguishable.

"Quick, quick!" cried Beatrice again. "If they break into the room and find me absent, I shall be lost! Oh, Ettore, be quick!"

And even as she spoke, without the slightest sound or click, the panel sprang open, and the girl bounded through; but ere she had quite passed out of reach, Ettore seized her hand and pressed it wildly to his lips; then resigned it, drew the key from the lock, and laid it in her palm. A look of ineffable gratitude rewarded his generosity; and then the door was drawn to, that shut Beatrice and her protector apart forever.

At the same moment new cries and blows resounded in the corridor; and the young heiress, hastily fastening on a dressing gown, and gathering up her hair, as if just awakened from sleep, went forward, unbarred the door, and opened it, while exclamations of "Beatrice! Cousin! Miss Lyle!" greeted her on all hands.

"My dear people, what is the matter?" said she, assuming a look of drowsy surprise. "What brings you here in such force, and at such an unaccountable time in the morning?"

"Unaccountable! Why, it's ten o'clock!"

"Oh, impossible!"

"Nay, but it's true. But what has been the matter?"

"Nothing. What should be the matter?"

"There, I told you so!" said Lady Shirley, triumphantly. "But you never will listen to reason!"

"That's because we so seldom hear it," answered Julia; "although I cannot understand, Beatrice, how it is, if you are quite well, you neither came down to breakfast as usual, nor answered our calls. I am sure they were loud enough."

"Yes, indeed; but I'm afraid I'm in an idle, good-for-nothing mood this morning, tired out from yesterday." And she passed her hand wearily over her brow. "Is breakfast over? I hope you have not waited for me."

"Indeed we have; nothing else would satisfy them," replied Lady Shirley, fretfully.

"Then pray go down and commence at once. I will be with you directly."

"Nay, Beatrice," interposed William, affectionately; "I am sure you will be better alone for a few hours. You look wretchedly pale and ill. Lie down, and we will send you a tray."

"Yes, do," urged Julia. "You are as white as a ghost."

"Am I? That's from exhaustion—waiting for my breakfast. A cup of coffee will redden me up wonderfully."

"To be sure—to be sure! Come, now, good people, let us go down, and leave Beatrice in peace; she'll look better after breakfast."

And motioning the others to precede her, Lady Shirley followed them to the dining-room, while Count Orsini, no little relieved by Beatrice's composure and self-possession, and seeing in it security for her silence, endeavored to assume an air of wounded feeling, which became him exceedingly ill.

Meantime the young orphan hurried through her toilette, giving herself no leisure to think on the past, and speculate upon the future; but when the last arrangements were complete, she left her room, and running quickly down stairs, encountered William at the bottom.

"My dear Beatrice," he said, tenderly, drawing her arm within his own, "it is useless attempting to deceive me; something is the matter—tell me what it is?"

"Nothing that need make you anxious, Willie. I have only had a visit from the Count's ghost again."

"I thought so. By the saints above, I'll pull the house about that scoundrel's ears!"

"Hush, hush! What has he to do with it?"

"Everything! Do you think I'm fooled by his tales of ghosts and hobgoblins? Not I! How is it, if there are such things, they never come near Conyers or me?"

"I don't know."

"But I do. Because, *they* know—*he* knows they are not bullet-proof, and that George and I sleep with pistols under our heads."

"You would not use them?"

"Wouldn't I? Only just let me get a chance, that's all. I wouldn't give much for the life that would be left in my visitor afterwards. But it's an infamous shame they should single you out for their antics. I'll stop them, if there's virtue in gunpowder!"

"Nay, nay, Willie, be patient! Do nothing violent!"

"You had better not appeal to my patience with such a face as that, darling—white, and black, and ghastly as an old woman's! Why this detestable visit has made you look ten years older and sadder! I don't think I've seen you smile—smile as if you meant it—once since we came."

"No?"

And the poor, harassed, weary girl tried to do so now; but the effort failed, and her head sank on William's shoulder, while he, passing his arm round her, pressed her towards him, causing her to utter an involuntary cry of pain.

"What have I done?—what is the matter? How could I be so awkward?" he exclaimed, anxiously, releasing her at once.

"Never mind—never mind! It was only a sudden pang!" she answered, bravely: but her lip quivered, as she felt a drop of blood from the recent wound trickle down her arm upon her hand.

She wiped it off hastily, fearful lest it should be seen; and, as she did so, became conscious that another person was present beside William and herself.

She turned nervously—a pair of dark, malicious eyes met hers—and, starting aside, she dropped her handkerchief.

Pietro—for it was he—bent forward respectfully, picked it up, glanced with an expression of pleasure upon the cruel evidence of pain of which he had been the cause, and, giving it back to the owner's hand, said, in tones only audible to herself,

"*Remember!*"

At this word, adding, as it were, the last drop to her already overful cup of sorrow, the hapless girl, utterly overcome with pain, exhaustion and excitement, reeled, and would have fallen, had not William caught her in his arms. But when she recovered, and looked round, Pietro and the handkerchief had both disappeared; while her companion, unable to account for this sudden emotion, said, tenderly,

"This is illness, Beatrice—real illness. You must have advice."

"No, no! I am not ill! But, oh! William, this house frightens me; if you love me, take me away."

"That I will, darling; but—"

"Do not put me off with buts—I cannot bear it. I am almost wild!"—and she clung to him trembling—"and if you will not go too, I shall go alone."

"That you shall not. We will all go. I will speak to my mother and Julia after breakfast, and if I cannot induce them to move, why then we must dare, avow everything, and go ourselves."

"Thank you—thank you. Forgive me for my selfishness in accepting such a sacrifice, but indeed I cannot stay here another night. I should lose my senses."

Two hours after this, the young people were assembled before the low, open windows of the dining-room. Beatrice was out upon the terrace, seated on a block of stone, a strip of embroidery in her hands, which furnished an excuse for her silent preoccupied manner; and George, his arm on a pile of ruined masonry, was bending over her, speaking low. William leaned against the wall, casting pebbles idly into a small clear pool which lay below; and Julia, with a roll of music which she had been sorting, stood beside him, looking far oftener on the living picture formed by her cousin and Mr. Conyers, than upon the brilliantly tinted pages she held in her hand, which she presently threw down, saying, impatiently,

"How tired I am of this hateful place! I wish we had never come."

"Why, I thought it was at your express wish, Julia?"

"Did you? Then you thought wrong. I hate it!"

"And the owner too?"

"Yes, and the owner too: he is one degree worse than the place, if that be possible.—Oh! I detest him—it—everything. I wish we were at home."

"Then why can we not go?"

"Ah! Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do?"

"Really?"

"Really! If only you can settle it with my mother, every one else is ready and willing."

"For what?" asked Beatrice, coming up.

"To leave here, and go home."

"Ay, indeed,"—and her pale face flushed with eager anxiety,—"*I* am. And you, William, told me that you were long ago."

"I know I did—and I repeat it; and fortunately for us, Julia is of the same mind."

"Thank Heaven!"

Julia laughed sneeringly, repeating,

"'Thank Heaven!' What a gentle, pious ejaculation! How I do envy you religious people, who have Heaven and Providence at your fingers' ends, ready for the slightest occasion; while such forlorn sinners as myself have none but nameless friends and powers on whom to call!"

"Julia!"

"Well—what? I'm no angel, and I never pretend to be."

"Then you do not agree with Shakspeare, that it is wise to 'assume a virtue if you have it not.'"

"Of course not. I hate assumption, pretension of goodness or badness, or humbug of any kind."

"Very well—that's agreed. And now to return to our subject. Will you ask my mother at once, and arrange that we shall go?"

"No; why should I ask? If you and Beatrice want to go, ask for yourselves."

"Now that's too bad, Julia. Not five minutes since you were half frantic to be off, hating Cliff Castle, its master, and now—"

"And now I hate them worse than ever," she said, savagely, crushing a hapless beetle with her foot, as she saw Conyers' eyes fixed on Beatrice, whom he was watching attentively all the while he feigned to read a pamphlet which he had taken from his pocket.

"You're a riddle," answered William, moving away, "and quite past my comprehension."

"Very likely."

"Why do you hate them?" said Beatrice, shyly. "I thought and hoped you at least were happy here."

Julia turned quickly upon the questioner, her cold eyes glittering as she said, with strong emphasis,

"Did you? I am indebted to you for your affectionate anxiety. But why do *you* hate them? Why are *you* in haste to go? Surely you are fickle. The fortunate possessor of such toys as these should not weary so soon of the giver."

And with the words, she drew from her pocket the key to the secret panel, which Ettore had entrusted to Beatrice.

The girl became deathly pale, felt hurriedly in her bosom and dress, and then finding her treasure gone, sprang forward, crying, imploringly,

"It is mine—it is mine! Give it to me!"

"No!"

"Oh, Julia! for pity, for mercy's sake—"

"No—I found it, and shall keep it."

"When, when did you find it? I had it safe half an hour since!"

"Pity you did not keep it so!"

"Pray—pray give it to me!"

"Tell me first who gave it to you?"

"Do not ask me! I cannot—I dare not!"

"Was it he?"

And she glanced towards George.

"He! Oh, no, no! If he had, I would have told you at once; but, dear Julia, give it to me, and I will give you anything you like in return."

"Don't make rash promises; you may find them dangerous."

"Not with you. But see, here are your brother and Mr. Conyers; for heaven's sake, do not let them see it. Give it to me."

Julia laughed provokingly; held the little instrument a moment in her hand; inspected it carefully; then suffered it to slide into her pocket; while at the moment William and George came up, and Beatrice, terribly distressed, yet not daring to plead further, fell back a few paces, her saddened eyes resting on the ground.

"Well, Miss Shirley," said Mr. Conyers, "so William tells me you vote with us for a break up of the camp here. I don't wonder you're tired of it."

"Indeed, I am, heartily. Have you seen my mother?"

"No; we dare not do so, except under your convoy."

"Cowards!"

"Ah! pity us, and mercifully extend your aid. Only do you open the war, and you shall see how gallantly we'll support you."

"I'll try you! My mother is in the dining-room. Let us go at once. But remember," and she tapped his arm playfully, "no desertion—no hanging back."

"Don't crush me by the suspicion. Lead, and I'll follow to the death."

It would be in vain attempting to paint Lady Shirley's amazement when the young people proffered their request.

"Impossible—impossible!" she said, angrily. "Quite out of the question. I cannot hear of it. Why, what do you suppose the Count would think? especially as we came for a week, at least?"

"What on earth does it matter what he thinks?" said Julia. "We have our own comfort to consult, not his thoughts."

"And, really, I do believe he would be quite as glad of our departure as we ourselves."

"Oh, you are prejudiced, William; and I know of old that it is utterly useless talking to you, when once you have taken up a notion. You are the most obstinate being in existence."

"Firmest, you mean, mother. It's really too bad your quarrelling with me about that: since, of all my characteristics, firmness is the one I value most, seeing that I inherit it from you!"

"Nonsense! I'm not in the mood to be flattered out of my senses. You ask the most unreasonable, out-of-the-way thing, and then expect to carry your point by compliments! Absurd!"

"It would be if I did expect it, but I don't. What you will not yield to common sense, I know you will not to soft sawder; and, therefore, I should never try to administer it!"

"What are you doing now?"

"Talking sense—endeavoring to convince you of how much greater consequence our own feelings and comfort are to us, than Count Orsini's objections."

"You will not succeed. Have you no sense of propriety—of etiquette—of—"

"Nonsense, mamma; don't fight a losing battle. We are all sick of the place, and so are you, if you would only confess it. Do be good-natured, then, and let us go," said Julia.

"Impossible! quite impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to a determined person, and I am resolved to go."

"And I to stay."

"Then we part company."

"Good heavens, child, what are you talking about? Are you wild, speaking to me in this way?"

"Not quite; though I soon should be, if I stayed here."

"Why, what's the matter, I should like to know?"

"A thousand things, each one worse than the last. But it's useless troubling you with a list of grievances at present; we will keep the recital until our next meeting at Shirley. Now I shall have plenty to do to pack."

"Pack?"

"To be sure! I shan't leave my belongings behind; and Adele is horribly stupid. By-the-by, I suppose you would like her to stay—that is, if she will; for she hates the place as much as we do, and will, perhaps, insist upon going."

"I don't wonder; for I am sure if we do not all go soon, there will be nothing left of us to go," said William; "what with the ghosts, and tempests, and dreams!"

"Ah, yes; but they trouble Beatrice more than the rest of us; she is the heroine," cried Julia, unable to repress a sneer. "But now I must vanish and hasten operations, or we shall be benighted. William, you find papa, and see about the horses; and you, Beatrice, come with me. Shall I see Adele to rub your foot, mamma?"

"What, is it bad again?" cried William, returning.

"Yes, indeed it is very painful to-day—very bad. I think I must get Dr. Love to look at it."

"Of course—of course; you should have done so before—for you may rely upon it, that nothing is more injurious than delaying to seek medical advice in such cases an hour longer than is absolutely necessary."

"You think so?"

"Indeed, I do. I had no idea it was worse again. I hope Adele understands how to rub it properly; so much depends on that."

"To be sure it does. It is so bad to-day that I cannot bear to stand upon it."

"Yet you have borne it without a complaint?"

"Ah, you little know what I suffer; but it would be selfish to annoy you with complaints. I have more consideration for you than you have for me!"

"I hope not. But really, mother, I should be afraid that if you do not consult Dr. Love at once, the disease may turn to gout."

"Gout!" with a scream of horror. "Oh, no, no, that's quite out of the question! I am much too young for that!"

"I assure you the gout often begins in this way."

"Horrible! You don't say so! What am I to do?"

"I really don't know—I should not like to advise; but I should hope that if you bear it patiently a few days, you—"

"A few days!—in this agony! Impossible! How do I know what may happen in a few days?"

"Indeed, that's too true."

"I must go at once—directly."

"But the Count—what will he say?"

"I cannot help what he says. In a case like this, all ceremonies must give way. I cannot lose my foot, perhaps my life, for a punctilio!"

"Certainly not; but then your leaving so suddenly is so very impolite!"

"So it may be, but the circumstances are imperative. I cannot possibly remain in an out of the way place like this, without medical advice, friends, comforts! Gout, gout! Good heavens, it is not to be thought of!"

"Well, mother, of course you understand these etiquettes better than I, and what is right to do?"

"Certainly; and I am sure the best thing is, to explain the whole affair to the Count at once, and start immediately afterwards. Leave me to speak to him, and say all that is necessary, and do you go and hasten the preparations."

As might be expected, Orsini was by no means averse to the proposed evacuation of his house by the Shirleys and their friends; indeed, nothing could have given him greater satisfaction. But, so impossible was it for him to be candid and honest, that instead of taking it as a matter of course, or making a few faint objections, he raised every obstacle, made every difficulty in his power, which Lady Shirley quickly overruled; since, the more he besought her to stay, the more she thought of her "goat," and persisted in going.

At last, all was settled; the necessary civilities performed and accepted—the preparations completed; and as the Italian led her ladyship to her carriage, he pressed her hand, saying, with a significant glance at Julia,

"Farewell! Remember, you are pledged?"

"I will not forget it. Come to Shirley in a week, and I will promise you a satisfactory reception."

"A thousand thanks; I shall not delay. Adieu!"

"Adieu!"

And with gayer spirits and lighter hearts than any of the party had possessed since the day they first passed through its gateway, the unwelcome guests drove from Cliff Castle, while Beatrice, almost wild with joy, sped on like the wind—fleet seeming to enter thoroughly into his mistress's desire to leave the scene of her sufferings as far, and as quickly, behind, as possible.

Once only, on the brow of a hill about two miles from the castle, she reined up for a minute to look back upon the fair landscape she was quitting; and glorious beyond the pen of writer to describe, it lay smiling in the yellow sunlight.

But to her who now gazed upon it, its beauties, instead of being attractive, were unutterably terrible; the bright shimmering sea, the ivy-crowned castle, the rugged cliffs, so far from being objects of admiration, were only fearful strongholds of misery, where she had wept and suffered; and with a visible shudder she touched Sam smartly with her whip, and was going on, when George, who had hitherto ridden beside the barouche, cantered up, saying,

"It looks better at a distance, does it not, Miss Lyle?"

"Yes, indeed; and very thankful I am that it is at a distance. I think I never was so grateful to any living creature in my existence as I am to Lady Shirley for taking me away from that horrible place."

"Horrible, indeed! it is a very den of horrors! How did you get through last night? I never passed six hours more wretchedly than those I spent after taking up my post in the corridor near your room, and listening for sounds which never came—at least, to my ears."

"And were you there? Did you really watch all that dreary time?"

"Certainly. Is it possible that you supposed I should leave you to the mercy of Orsini and his villainous army of ghosts, and go quietly to bed?"

"And you were within hearing? Oh, if I had known it?"

"Why? Was I wanted? were you visited? I thought so—by all the fiends, I thought so! I knew your silence this morning meant mischief. The villain! the—"

"Hush, hush! Pray speak lower!"—looking round in alarm—"or you will be heard!"

"And why should I not? I should like to string that fellow up to the highest pinnacle of his infamous castle, and proclaim to the whole world why I did it!"

"I think you would be puzzled to make the justice of the sentence clear. If suspicion gave one a right to punish all on whom it fell, what a charnel-house this ill-natured earth would be!"

"I've rather more than suspicion against him! But now tell me of last night—what happened—what you saw or heard? Ghosts again, of course?"

"Do not ask me."

"Why?"

"I cannot say; only I entreat you to press the subject no farther—to forget it, if possible!"

"But it is *not* possible! One can't remember and forget such things as these at will."

"It is difficult, I know; but—"

"You cannot trust me any longer—is that it?"

"Oh, no, no! Pray do not think that! But I am bound to silence by a solemn promise."

"Some promises are better broken than kept, and this is one of them. Who on earth had a right to claim it from you?"

"No one, perhaps; but yet I gave it."

"Freely—willingly?"

A dead silence.

"I thought not. Perdition!" And he struck the bough of a sinall tree by which they were passing at the moment so sharply, that the shattered leaves fled in all directions, while his eyes flashed angry fire—"I see it all! You promised silence—or, rather, it was extorted from you, in order to save yourself from further outrage. Good heaven! But such compulsory promises—"

"Are not binding in law, although they are in honor. Forgive me for interrupting you, Mr. Conyers. I feel how very good and kind you are; but indeed you must let me have my own way now, and forbear to ask me questions I cannot answer, or tempt me to break a promise taken—"

She stopped.

"Well, Miss Lyle? Taken how—why? Of your own free will?"

"No; but none the less binding on my conscience. Oh, Mr. Conyers!"—and she reined up suddenly, turning to him a face from which every trace of its late gladness was gone—"if you knew how miserable, how thoroughly unhappy I am, you would not add to my grief by pressing me on a subject I cannot yield, and compelling me to offend you who have been so very, very good to me!"

"Forgive me—forgive me! I have been a brute, but I will offend no more. Only say you pardon me—forgive a pertinacity which arises solely from—"

"Holloa! what treason are you two discussing?" cried William, galloping up. "I thought Beatrice had started a goose at least, and was off in chase, and that you had followed to see fair play."

"No. Heaven send that the ghosts and their master are far enough behind. Neither Miss Lyle nor I like them sufficiently well to run after them, I assure you."

"I should think not. But Beatrice, love, how is this? You are as pale as ashes, and not fit to ride that plucky little brute to-day. Let me lift you down, and wait here till the carriage comes up, and then change with Julia. She'll be delighted at the chance; for she's fretting and pining away at being shut up in the barouche like a bird in a nest."

"No, thank you—no, thank you! I have only a headache, and the air will do that more good than anything else. And now that the ground is level again, shall we gallop on?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLEA FOR JENKINS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Can any one define the characteristics of that important contributor to our public journals and chronicler of public events, the ubiquitous Jenkins? *What* constitutes Jenkins? Why should Jenkins be at once run after, and run down?—his "items" so greedily imbibed, and himself so mud bespattered for his pains?

A few months ago occasional mention was made in the periodicals of the day of a certain young Englishman bearing, if one may trust public report, the name of Albert Edward Guelph. Items found their way into the news-columns of the papers chronicling the risings and the sittings, the ingoings and the outcomings of that remarkable young person.

We were even informed of the exact curve of his "Roman nose," and the precise number of minutes during which he "rested" his partners in the waltz.

"Jenkins!" muttered the lords of the press in their deepest tones of indignation—but they copied the items.

"Fudge! Jenkins!" cried the readers of the papers—but they read every line. Yes, and they liked it too. We did, my sisters, did we not? let us own the soft impeachment. And you, my brothers, in spite of the stern sense and lofty sentiments which invariably characterise every member of your noble sex that I have ever met with, did you look with entire and consistent disapprobation on such scraps of gossip?

If, in our heart of hearts, we relish Jenkins then, why do we pretend to scorn him? Surely it is time that some gauntlet should be thrown down in challenge of battle for his cause? I look upon this maligned literateur as a benefactor to his race; not so much to his own generation, perhaps, as to succeeding ones. It is he who diversifies the arid waste of History with the trivial personalities which, after all, prove the best loop-holes for letting in light on the whole dreary muddle. And how priceless is the intimate knowledge we gain at his hands of the ways, wants, works, and weaknesses of the great ones who have given themselves as a legacy to the whole world!

It may not seem an absolutely necessary or beneficial piece of information when Jenkins tells us, as he did a few weeks ago, the exact price per pair of the stockings worn by the footmen of his Grace the Duke of What you-call-em. But suppose the story related to Goldsmith's famous peach-blossom coat,—would anybody be willing to dispense with *that* piece of gossip?

No writer of the present day has been harsher upon our poor friend Jenkins, in all his multifarious shapes of snobbishness, than Mr. Thackeray. Yet it really seems as if Jenkinsism flourishes rampantly in every page of his Four Georges. Chatty, brilliant, amusing Jenkinsism, but with as little excuse in the subject as need be, for the stupidities and wickednesses of those four reigns might, one would think, have been suffered to fall into oblivion, and the world sustain no great loss thereby.

The most perfect specimen of Jenkins biography in the world, probably, is Boswell's Life of Johnson. Is it anything but that quality which has so secured its unexampled and still-subsisting popularity? The great lexicographer would long ago have passed into comparative oblivion, were it not for the record in which he still grunts, rolls, guzzles, hoards up orange peel, and dogmatically puts down argument in perfect and marvellous vert similitude.

If such a miracle should occur at this day as the disentombment of some bygone Jenkins of the sixteenth century, doing for Shakspeare what Boswell did for Johnson, with what shouts of enthusiastic joy and gratitude would the discovery be hailed by the whole civilized world! Had the useful race no existence in those days? or is it a special destiny, with special ones concealed in its silence, that keeps the greatest of the world's poets apart from all others, hidden in the obscurity of his cloudy Olympus? *Him* only, of all the world!

A few weeks ago, we read, with vivid interest, in that delectable column of miscellanies which generally finishes off the third page of The Post, that Milton loved best, while composing, to sit with one leg over the arm of his chair. That was "nice" to know—to use the all-comprehensive phrase of young-ladyism. But who shall tell us how Shakspeare sat, lay, stood, or walked, while *he* composed? May is it not even, in some circles, a mooted question whether Shakspeare really did compose his own works?

By the way, one may pause to wonder how the advocates of the Delia-Baconian theory dispose of the authorship of the sonnets;—those wonderful poems, so instinct with passionate life that their poetic beauty is almost lost to us in the feeling of the heart-throbs in them answering to our own pulses. He who wrote them was never merely the "fat grazier," as which their disloyal tongues stigmatise our Shakspeare!

Oh, for some gossip of that day to unriddle for us the story hinted at in those sonnets.

But the personality of Shakspeare is almost as much a myth to us as that of Homer; or even more so, for we know one pathetic infirmity of "The blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle;" but whether the other mighty was really and literally "made lame by Fortune's dearest spite," has never been fully decided upon. All for the want of some properly qualified Jenkins to testify.

As to the Jenkins of private life, male or female—who know to a dime the cost of Mrs. A.'s new Cashmere shawl, or the "figure" of Mr. B.'s fast trotter, with all other particulars pertaining to those and the like important subjects—it is certain that we all wince a little when the infliction touches ourselves personally; yet we may seek patience and comfort in considering that it may be an amiable trait to take such lively interest in their neighbor's affairs, instead of wrapping themselves up in concern for their own.

Let us try for a moment to realize the awful blank that would ensure if the whole element of Jenkinsism were suddenly stricken out of our social life and converse. What intervals of dread silence would fall upon our soirees and conversaziones! How mute would stand our young men and maidens in the intervals of cotillion and schottish! How would topics of interest fail even in "serious circles," and little be found to say of church or minister, when upholstery and general external getting up were tabooed subjects!

May we not then extend the hand of sympathy to Jenkins with whom we are so intimately concerned, and no longer strive to make his vocation *too* much a burden to him, with the steely pricks of ridicule and opprobrium.

M. C. P.

WHY COFFEE BEATEN IN A MORTAR IS BETTER THAN COFFEE GROUND IN A MILL.—It is not generally known that coffee which has been beaten, is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact; and in his brief article upon the subject, Savarin gives what he considers the reasons for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma and an oil, which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers, that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used the pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill—the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted this coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was, that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill. And after mentioning that any one may repeat the experiment, he tells a strange anecdote of the influence of one or the other kind of manipulation, viz. "Monsieur," said Napoleon, one day, to Laplace, "how comes it that a glass of water into which I put a lump of loaf sugar tastes more pleasantly than if I had put in the same quantity of crushed sugar." "Sire," said the philosophical senator, "there are three substances, the constituents of which are identical—sugar, gum, and amidon; they differ only in certain conditions, the secret of which nature has preserved. I think it possible that in the effect produced by the pestle some saccharine particles become either gum or amidon, and cause the difference." This remark became public, and Savarin says the ulterior observations have confirmed the truth of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

RATHER GREEN.

A youth in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath the window stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
He awakened the whole neighborhood.

But vainly he tried to arouse
From her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen.

☞ One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.

MEMORIES dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in glooms, like maids in the wells,
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.

☞ A Spanish paper, after a deliberate survey of the past, present and future prospects of the United States, kindly advises the President to abandon the idea of purchasing Cuba, and to turn his attention to buying South Carolina. This is considered a fair hit.

☞ AFFECTION IN MAN AND WOMAN.—Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having attachment for an old bonnet?

"REMEMBRANCE! ah, 'tis wretched
When its meditations bring,
Fresh and alive no forms
But such as wound and sting;
Bright prospects faded; kindness wronged;
Warm confidence betrayed;
Affection scorned; and friendship
But the shadow of a shade;
Alas! in such a dress,
Fit partner of distress,
Alas! what can remembrance be,
But added wretchedness!"

☞ They serenade the bankers out West with this air, or rather this strain:—

Meet me by moonlight—a loan
Is all that I'll there ask of thee.

☞ There is something very conducive to longevity in holding office. To make a man live till eighty, all that's necessary is to give him a salary of ten thousand a year.

☞ There are some books and characters so pleasant, that criticism is perplexed or silent. The hounds are perpetually at fault among the sweet-scented herbs and flowers that grow at the base of Etna.

☞ It often happens with people who were born "with silver spoons in their mouths," that, when they grow up, nothing can be seen of them but the spoons.

☞ A Western editor in speaking of a dandy's dickey, says—"It was scented and torn like a south wind after passing through a fence made of thorn bushes."

LATE NEWS.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 8.—Both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature have agreed to adjourn on next Monday, till March 20.

THE ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK.—VAN BUREN, Ark., Feb. 8.—The conductor of the overland mail from Little Rock, reports that the rumor that the arsenal at that point had been seized, is false. He says that a party of men came up from below to take the arsenal, but were told by the citizens of Little Rock that they would be resisted, and they consequently abstained from any attempt.

Thurlow Weed, the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, and life-long friend of Senator Seward, has been appointed by the Legislature a delegate from New York to the Washington Convention, vice Gardiner, declined. His paper denies that he is in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, as he was generally supposed to be. He has declined the appointment.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 7.—In the State Convention to-day, a motion was made to invite all the States except those of New England to join the Southern Confederacy. The resolution was ordered to be printed, and its consideration was made the special order of the day for Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The Postmaster at Mobile has notified the Post Office Department that letters passing through that office have been violated.

The Springfield correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that prominent Republicans members of the Illinois legislature are in favor of signing a remonstrance against the appointment of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State. The N. Y. Tribune denounces Mr. Seward in its columns—and seems inclined to clap him either among "the cowards or the traitors."

There are eleven naval vessels in commission on our coast—one at Cuba and another at Fort Taylor and Tortugas. The Macedonian and Brooklyn have arrived in the neighborhood of Fort Pickens.

Captain Tilton, of Maryland, attached to the Navy, and a member of the Lighthouse Board, committed suicide last week, by blowing his brains out with a pistol. He had for some time past been much depressed, owing so the political state of the country.

It is said that not more than thirty straight out Disunionists have been elected to the Virginia Convention. The popular majority for the conservative ticket is said to be about fifty thousand.

MAJOR CHASE RETIRING.—The Tallahassee Floridian, of the 2nd inst., says that Major Chase, in command of the troops at Pensacola, has asked to be relieved. The Mississippians (about 800) have gone home, as the attack upon Fort Pickens is given up for the present, owing to its great strength, and the presence of several U. S. vessels of war.

A BRITISH CAPTAIN INJURED.—The Savannah papers state that Capt Vaughan, of the British ship Kalos, was recently maltreated in that city; the inference is by some vigilance committee. The act is greatly deprecated as tending towards a difficulty with the English Government. The Savannah papers are silent upon the particulars of the occurrence, which is, however, termed by the British Consul at that city, in an advertisement offering a reward of $1,000 for the conviction of the guilty parties, "a dastardly and brutal outrage." The Mayor of Savannah has also offered a reward of $200 for the apprehension and conviction of the participants in the "personal abuse and violence" offered Captain Vaughn.

ST LOUIS ARSENAL.—There are nearly 600 United States troops now stationed at the St. Louis Arsenal for its protection.

TEXAS.—The ordinance of secession passed on the 1st, yeas 166, nays 7. The ordinance is to be voted for on the 23d instant, and if adopted, will go into effect on the 2d March.

Governor Houston recognizes the Convention, and that the people have declared their attachment to the South and a desire to join the Southern Confederacy, but if none is formed, he will cast his lot with the Republic of Texas.

The Washington Star newspaper has telegraphic information saying that the Cherokee Indians have seceded, and captured the U. S. Fort Gibson.

☞ Dr. Alexander Webster, a Scottish divine, was a *five-bottle man*, accustomed to spend half the night in convivial company. Of him is the anecdote told that, as he was reeling homeward in the dawn of a summer morning, a friend asked what his congregation would think if they saw him thus; to which he replied: "They would not believe their own eyes."

☞ If you laugh too long and too immoderately at a joke, others will laugh at you rather than the joke.

☞ A pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out—"Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never *say what I think* again in all the days of my life."

☞ SPEAK OUT.—In a very thin house, an actress spoke very low in her communication to her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed, with a woeful humor, "My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us."

☞ Ill nature in one person disturbs the whole company, and makes them feel cross too, as electricity at one end runs the whole length of the wire.

☞ Many complain that they are not appreciated properly, simply because they are.

☞ They call sleep "death's counterfeit," and this is a case in which the counterfeit is generally preferred to the genuine article.

☞ It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

☞ HOW TO RISE EARLY IN THE MORNING.—"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. "Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a bucketful on him.

☞ Dr. Christopher Girtanner, an eminent professor, of Gottengen, has prophesied, in a memoir of Azote, that in the twentieth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxyds of copper, lead, and iron which we daily swallow with our food. The doctor may properly be called the Golden Prophet.

☞ Madame de Stael says, there is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that lends to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

The Free and Slave Populations of the United States.

FREE STATES.

	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Maine	583,169	619,958	36,789
New Hampshire	317,976	326,072	8,096
Vermont	314,120	325,827	10,707
Massachusetts	994,514	1,231,494	236,980
Rhode Island	147,545	174,724	27,076
Connecticut	370,972	460,670	89,698
New York	3,097,394	3,851,563	754,169
Pennsylvania	2,311,786	2,916,018	604,232
New Jersey	489,555	676,034	186,479
Ohio	1,980,329	2,377,917	397,588
Indiana	988,416	1,350,992	362,586
Illinois	851,470	1,691,359	839,708
Michigan	397,654	754,291	356,737
Wisconsin	305,391	763,465	458,094
Iowa	192,214	682,092	489,788
Minnesota	6,077	172,708	166,719
Oregon	13,294	52,566	39,272
California	92,597	384,770	292,173
Total	13,454,473	18,802,124	5,347,651

SLAVE STATES.

	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Delaware	91,532	112,235	20,803
Maryland	583,034	831,566	148,531
Virginia	1,421,661	1,593,199	171,538
North Carolina	869,039	1,008,342	139,303
South Carolina	668,507	715,731	46,964
Georgia	906,185	1,062,877	176,642
Florida	87,445	145,694	58,249
Alabama	771,623	960,917	189,294
Mississippi	606,526	886,658	280,132
Louisiana	517,762	696,431	148,669
Arkansas	209,897	440,776	230,878
Texas	212,592	600,955	388,363
Tennessee	1,002,717	1,146,600	143,975
Kentucky	982,405	1,145,567	163,152
Missouri	682,044	1,201,214	519,170
Total	9,612,969	12,433,508	2,820,539

TERRITORIES, &c.

	1850.	1860	Increase.
Kansas	—	143,645	
Nebraska	—	28,802	
New Mexico	61,547	93,024	
Utah	11,380	40,000	
Dacotah	—	4,839	
Washington	—	11,624	
Dis. of Columbia	51,687	75,321	
Total	124,614	406,345	

RECAPITULATION.

	1850.	1860	Increase.
Free States	13,454,473	18,802,124	5,347,651
Slave States,	9,612,969	12,433,508	2,820,539
Territories, &c.	124,614	406,345	381,731
Total	23,192,056	31,641,977	8,449,921

TOTAL FREE POPULATION.

Free States	18,802,124
Slave States	8,434,155
Territories, &c	406,345
Slaves	3,999,353
Total	31,641,977

The following table shows the proportion of slave to free population in the different Slave States in 1860.

	1860.	
	Free.	Slave.
Delaware	110,346	1,889
Maryland	646,183	85,382
Virginia	1,097,373	495,826
North Carolina	629,956	328,377
South Carolina	308,186	407,185
Georgia	615,366	467,461
Florida	81,965	63,689
Alabama	520,444	435,473
Mississippi	407,051	479,607
Louisiana	354,245	342,186
Arkansas	331,710	109,065
Texas	415,999	184,956
Tennessee	859,578	287,113
Kentucky	930,027	215,490
Missouri	1,085,585	115,619
Total	8,434,155	3,999,353

FROM WASHINGTON.

The pith of the recent correspondence between Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, and the President, is—that the President avers he has no more power to treat for the sale of Fort Sumpter than for the sale of the Capitol; and that "At the present moment it is not deemed necessary to reinforce Major Anderson, because he makes no such request.—Should his safety, however, require reinforcements, every effort will be made to supply them." South Carolina, it is said, has referred the question to the Secretary of war.

Secretary of State Black has been nominated to the Senate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of Daniel, deceased, and John Pettit as District Judge of Kansas. Their confirmation is not probable.

Mr. Colfax's bill, empowering the Postmaster-General to stop mails in States where they were violated, or the revenues not paid over, was carried in the House by a large majority. The Postmaster-General may order the service on the border of a seceding State, and there *deliver to an authorized agent of said State to continue the transportation to a point of destination*, provided the correspondence thus delivered be in United States stamped envelopes.

The President returned Col. Hayne's last letter as being offensive. He refused to send it into Congress on that ground.

The President has signed the joint resolution extending the time for taking evidence in the McCormick Patent Reaper case. This is considered as a defeat of the patentee.

CALIFORNIA.—The election of Speaker of the Assembly, on the 14th, ult., was effected by a coalition between the Republicans and Douglas Democrats. A similar coalition will be attempted to elect a Douglas Democrat on Northern bias for United States Senator, while a portion of the Breckinridge and Douglas members are negotiating to combine on some Southern Douglas Democrat.

The Governor's message was delivered on the 18th. The principal feature was the strong grounds taken in favor of preserving the Union and opposition to a Pacific Republic under any circumstances. He urges the petitioning of Congress by the East-ern boundary of California so as to take in the Washoe silver region.

Letters from Congressmen Scott and Burch, advocating a Pacific Republic, are published in all the leading papers, and severely denounced. Only two or three obscure papers defend or excuse either of the letters. Resolutions have been introduced into the Senate declaring California's fidelity to the Union, and in opposition to the secession of any State, which it is believed will pass both houses by large majorities.

IMPORTANT FROM SAVANNAH.—SAVANNAH, *Feb.* 9.—The State authorities under direction of Governor Brown, seized five New York vessels yesterday, as follows:—

Brig W. R. Kibby, brig Golden Lead, bark D. Colden, bark Murray, schooner Julia Hallock.

The case of the bark Murray is said to have been adjusted.

The telegraphic dispatch does not explain the cause of the seizure, but it is presumed to be in retaliation for the seizure of arms on board the steamer Montecello by the police of New York city.

FROM FORT SUMTER.—The Marion, with the wives and children of the garrison at Fort Sumter, arrived at New York last week. The women say that there is not a particle of disaffection in the garrison—that the garrison is amply supplied with food—and that the garrison had not been reinforced.

☞ In order to deserve a true friend, you must first learn to be one.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Canada brings advices to Sunday, the 27th, and $265,000 in specie.

The Sardinians had entered the Roman States, and dispersed the reactionary bands. They had also burnt the Convent at Castmalia.

The prospectus had been issued of an India Cotton Company in England. It is proposed to establish agencies in Guzerat, and purchase cotton of the growers direct, and to endeavor to improve the process of picking and cleaning by machinery.

Attention is drawn to the fact that Anderson, the fugitive slave, cannot be taken from Canada to England at present, inasmuch as he cannot be conveyed through American territory, and no other route will be opened before spring.

FRANCE.—There is great activity in the French arsenals and ports.

A camp at Chalons is to be formed early in the spring, consisting of 60,000 men, under Marshal McMahon.

Gen. Lamoriciere, in a letter declining a sword of honor, writes that such distinctions are for battles won, &c., while his fortune has been the very reverse.

The Bourse, on the 25th, was quiet, but firm.

ITALY.—Advices from Gaeta are to the evening of the 23d. The fire of the Sardinians was vigorously continued, and slowly replied to.

The London Globe learns that Francis II. resolved to hold out at Gaeta, by the advice of the foreign ministers.

It was rumored that negotiations were progressing to replace the French troops at Rome, by Sardinians.

Typhoid fever was making ravages at Gaeta.

COMMERCIAL.—All qualities of Cotton have slightly declined, and buyers demand a further reduction, which holders refuse.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester are unfavorable. There has been but little inquiry, and prices are weak, with very light transactions.

Flour is dull, with a decline of 6d@1s ₱ bbl on the week, with quotations at 28s. 6d.@31s. 6d.—Wheat is dull, and the quotations are 1@2d. lower. Red Western 11s.@13s. Corn declined 6@9d. since Tuesday. Beef heavy. Pork dull. Bacon heavy, and declined 1s. Lard steady.

CONGRESS.—The proceedings in both Houses have been unimportant. In the Senate Messrs. Johnson, of Tenn., Wigfall, of Texas, &c., have made speeches—the former defending his previous anti-secession speech, and the latter replying.

In the House, Mr. Corwin's report has been under consideration, and a number of speeches have been made.

Mr. H. Winter Davis, in the course of a speech, said that Maryland does not recognize the right of secession. She does not recognize the right to repeal the supreme law of the land. If any Convention should be there called, of whatever character, and under whatever auspices, those who should presume to inaugurate revolution, would meet with revolutionary resistance on the soil of Maryland, under the stars and stripes. They will not allow a majority nor a minority to drag them from the Union. Within Maryland are men who will assume an armed resistance to anything looking to armed rebellion.

A fellow member from the same State decided that Mr. Davis had a right to speak thus for Maryland. Mr. Davis asserted that he did.

The Convention of Commissioners appointed at the instance of Virginia, have appointed a Committee of one from each State represented, as a Business Committee.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, offered a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the House whether any, and what information has been received by the Department, relative to the recent alleged seizure of New York vessels at the port of Savannah, and if seized, by whom, and on what authority.

A DUEL ADVERTISED.—Way out West, at Pike's Peak, the people have a peculiar way of managing everything, but particularly duels. Some idea of the customs in those parts may be gathered from the following semi-advertisement, which we find in a recent Denver City paper:—

Take Notice.—A duel is to be fought at 10 o'clock to-day, between a Mr. Riley and Charles Harrison. The former is the challenging party. He is a young lawyer, formerly from Virginia, and has been acting as Deputy Sheriff at Mountain City for some time past. Charles Harrison keeps the Criterion Saloon in this city. The weapons appointed are navy pistols; distance fifteen feet; arms to be drawn after the word "fire" is given.

GOV. MORGAN AND THE GEORGIA ARMS.—The Albany correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says that Gov. Morgan has replied, by letter, to Gov. Brown, of Georgia, in relation to the seizure of arms by the police in New York. The Governor takes the ground, that as the arms were destined to be used to subvert the government, which his official oath binds him to sustain, he could not, so far as he had any control, permit arms to leave this State which might be turned against our own citizens. From this it would appear that in making the seizure the police were acting under orders from the Governor, and not on Mr. Kennedy's individual responsibility, as has hitherto been supposed.

☞ CLIMATE OF PEKIN.—Sir John Herschel states that in the climate of Pekin the winters are, on an average, ten degrees colder, and the summers nineteen degrees warmer, than in London. The annual amount of rain is about one-twelfth greater. The temperature of solar exposure is of course very great in summer.

☞ A correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, says he finds intelligent men in Washington, who believe the present troubles in this country, in Europe, and in Asia, foreshadow the coming of Christ. One of these approached a politician the other day, and told him that our national disasters would soon be quieted.

"By whom?" inquired the politician.

"By no less a person than Jehovah."

"Ah! indeed. But who is G. Hover? Is he a Northern or Southern man?"

This is an actual fact. The politician really did not think that Deity was sometimes called Jehovah.

☞ GOOD ADVICE.—Husband—"Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife—"Well, finish it then, my dear."

☞ The Earl of Westminster, the richest Peer of England, having an income of three million dollars a year, recently, while riding in one of his parks, missed a button from his coat. He instantly dismounted, retraced his course for some distance, and searched until he found the missing article, expressing much satisfaction at its discovery. He must have a very strong attachment for that button.

GORILLAS AND THEIR FEROCITY.

The apes of Borneo and Sumatra are infants in comparison with Gorillas. The far-famed chimpanzee is a great docile creature which can never be named in the same day with the gigantic savage of Central Africa. Think of it! The Gorilla is six feet two inches in height, and three feet between the shoulder-blades! The paw is that of a giant, three times the size of a human hand. The finger measures six inches in circumference at the base. There is an immense ridge running perpendicularly over the cranium; this and the great jaws are packed with muscle of prodigious strength. The creature has huge arms altogether disproportioned to the body. It is covered with black hair, and has a matted lock on its head, which it has the power of bringing over his face. It has almost the sagacity of a man, and almost the ferocity of a fiend. The male is terribly pugnacious; the female always flies. When they make their attack they beat their breasts with their fists, making a sound which can be heard a mile. Their cry—which has a terrific resemblance to a human voice—can be heard three miles amid the reverberations of the hills.—As they approach their adversary, they endeavor to intimidate him. One would think this was easily done. That fearful sound, those frantic eyes, glaring with the intelligence and malignity of a demon, were enough to shake nerves not easily disturbed from their equipoise. Think of the tremendous strength that, with one blow of the arm, could crush the ribs like pipe-stems, and tear out a piece of the side; and that, with a single movement of the jaw, could crush the barrel of a gun as if it had been a stick of candy!

MR. LINCOLN ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.—Mr. Lincoln leaves Springfield on Monday, Feb. 11th, for Washington. He goes through Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and so on to Washington. He will arrive at New York on the 19th.

Mr. W. S. Wood has made such arrangements as will insure both the comfort and safety of those under his charge. He has provided special trains, to be preceded by pilot engines all the way through.

Cards of invitation will be issued by him to all participants on the journey from point to point, and only holders will be found on the train. State and local authorities and prominent persons, without distinction of party, will be invited.

To avoid crowding and annoyance to Mr. Lincoln, representatives of the leading papers only will be admitted in the different stopping places, without distinction of party.

The Presidential party will be under the charge of the local committees, and no party coloring being intended to be given to the trip, Wide-Awake, and other demonstrations of a partisan character, will prove objectionable.

Military escorts through the stopping-places will be accepted, but none on the journey.

VERY AFFECTIONATE.—A little circumstance, says the Troy Arena, has just come to us through a friend of the parties, which we are tempted to make public. It is as follows:—

A couple very well known in this city, are at present arranging terms for a separation, to avoid the scandal of a judicial divorce, and a friend has been employed by the husband to negotiate the matter. The latest mission was in reference to a valuable ring given to the wife before marriage by the husband. "What," said the indignant wife, "do you venture to charge yourself with such a mission to me? Can you believe that I could tear myself from a gift which alone recalls to me the days when my husband loved me! No! This ring is my only souvenir of happiness forever departed!—'Tis all (and here she wept) that I now possess of a once fond husband." The friend insisted. The lady supplicated—grew obstinate—grew desperate—threatened to submit to a public divorce as a lesser evil than parting with the cherished ring—and at last confessed that—*she had sold it six months before.*"

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS AT MONTGOMERY.—Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 7.—The Congress of the Southern Confederacy, to-day, while in open session, received an official copy of the act of the State of Alabama, appropriating half a million to the support of the Provisional Government of the seceded States. The Congress has adopted the Constitution of the United States, with some additions, including free trade with all the world.

MONTGOMERY, Feb. 9.—The Congress last night unanimously agreed in secret session on the Constitution and the creation of a Provisional Government. A strong and vigorous government will go into immediate operation with full powers and ample funds. No proposition for compromise or reconstruction will be entertained.

The Congress will remain in session to make all the necessary laws.

☞ No doubt it were very grateful always to make our exit with applause—the awkward doubt commonly is whether the applause is intended for our playing or our departure.

☞ Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper; and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

☞ The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws, is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas! things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."

☞ THOSE HORRID "BOYS AGAIN."—"I say, mister, don't yer want yer mustaches swept?"

☞ The real victim of a coquette is the man she marries.

☞ The late Miss Mary P. Townsend, of Boston, left by will $60,000, "the income of which is to be applied to the support of those females who, in legal phraseology, are called 'spinsters,' or single women." The money is to endow a "Spinster's Home."

☞ Queen Victoria has just purchased a fine little piece of Highland property in Glengarry, as a summer residence for the Prince of Wales.

NEWS ITEMS.

A COUNTY OF LAKES.—The number of lakes and ponds laid down in the map of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, is 66.—Some of them are extremely beautiful, and add much to the features of the surrounding country.

ANOTHER JUDGE OR TREASON.—Judge Williams, of the United States District Court of Michigan, in a recent charge to a grand jury, said:—"The ship builder who furnishes vessels to a rebellious portion of the Union, or the artisan or manufacturer who delivers cannon and muskets pursuant to contract, or the merchant who transmits to order the clothing for a rebellious soldiery, thus gives practical aid and comfort, and is amenable to the penalty of the law."

PAGANISM DECLINING.—A traveller from Madras to Jaffna states that but few of the heathen temples that he passed were in good repair. Many idol cars which used to be drawn about with great pomp and parade, are so neglected and decayed, that they are not fit for firewood. The impression is steadily gaining ground among the people that their idolatrous system has had its day. The Christian missionaries have now a fairer field of usefulness than ever before.

TIMELY ADVICE.—The fraternal advice of the Providence Journal to Kansas is—" Now, young sister State, don't you go and secede before we have had a chance to spend a few millions on you."

IT is stated that the Japanese "Tommy," about whom so many young ladies nearly ran mad, is an insignificant nobody at home. He is simply the son of an interpreter, is furnished a place to sleep, has a per diem allowance of mice to eat, and gets $2,67 per month pay.

THE PALMETTO FLAG.—The first attempt of a vessel to enter a foreign port under the flag of the "Independent Republic of South Carolina" was made at Havana by a brigantine from Charleston. She sailed in past Moro Castle with her "Palmetto" flying aloft. But immediately, by order of the officer in command of the fortress, she was forbidden to anchor under its guns, and kept there until the flag of the United States was displayed at her mast-head, when she was permitted to proceed up the harbor.

DEATH OF A GIANT.—The Western Star inserts the following in its obituary:—In the neighborhood of Cong, after a few days' illness, Mr. Patrick Glynn, the son of a respectable farmer, Mr. James Glynn. He was only 22 years of age, and was 22 stone in weight, thus gaining 14lbs. for every year of his age. His extraordinary height was 6 feet 8 inches. He was beautifully proportioned, and possessed enormous strength. He was humane and gentle in disposition.

THE WHITWORTH GUN.—Whilst proving one of the Whitworth's guns at Woolwich, recently, a shot, which was fired against the butt, a mound of earth many feet in thickness, passed right through and fell into the river.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMISSIONERS IN FRANCE.—According to a letter to the Courrier des Etats Unis, dated at Paris on the 15th inst., the Commissioners from the State of South Carolina had arrived at Paris, and presented themselves to M. Thouvenel, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who received them with becoming courtesy and respect, but without making any engagements with them. The Commissioners are said to have been some days in Paris before presentation.

IT is stated that a new style of paddle-wheel for steamboats has been invented which must eventually supersede the one in common use, as it is calculated to increase the speed of steamers one-third, and to reduce the expense of running nearly one-half.

HON. IRA HARRIS, of Albany, has been elected U. S. Senator from New York, to fill the place vacated by Mr. Seward. Mr. Evarts (Thurlow Weed's candidate) and Mr. Greeley were defeated; the Evart men voting at the last for Harris, preferring him to Greeley. The Greeley interest regard it as the defeat of the Albany regency.

THERE was a tremendous snow-storm in northern New York and Canada on the 7th. The thermometer ranged from zero to sixteen degrees below zero. The railroads in Canada were completely blocked up, and travel arrested for several days.

SHORT-LIVED HONEYMOON.—A Miss White, says the Harrisburg Telegraph, of M'Kean, who was married to a gentleman from Mississippi, a few weeks ago, and accompanied her husband to that State, which she intended making her future residence, returned to Harrisburg on Tuesday morning, having been ordered to leave the Southern domain at a certain date, before the expiration of ten hours. It seems that she made too free use of her Northern sentiments. What became of the husband it does not learn.

SELFISH INGRATITUDE.—When Lola Montez went to California as an actress, she engaged an agent. This gentleman was a married man with two children, and seeing him unhappy in their absence, she presented him with sufficient money to bring them and their mother on. Shortly after their arrival, the husband died. Lola then adopted the widow and orphans, educating the latter at Mrs. Willard's seminary, at Troy. An officer in the United States Navy fell in love with one of these girls, and Lola, literally acting *in loco parentis*, approved of his suit. During her last visit to England, the marriage took place. Lola did not accompany the bridal couple (who accompanied her husband to a distant State, where he was detailed for public duty) until a recent period, when she met her walking down Broadway, in company with a lady of the highest *ton*. With the usual impulse, Lola rushed to her young friend—literally the child of her charity—as if to embrace her. The lady coldly drew back, and said:—

"Madame, I do not know you!"

"Not know me! I am Lola—Lola Montez."

"Madame," she exclaimed, as she turned coldly away, "I know you not; I never saw you before; and if you persist in speaking to me, I will call a policeman!" and walked away.

Oh! monstrous ingratitude! Who would not rather have been Lola Montez—the dancer, actress and lecturer—with all her faults than the fine lady whose fair shoulders are doomed to carry through life the burden of that accumulation of all sins—*base ingratitude!*

THE USUAL OATH.—The following is the oath taken by the officers of the Navy:—

Oath—I, ——, appointed a midshipman in the Navy of the United States, do solemnly swear to bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and to serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever, and to observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States of America and the orders of the officers appointed over me; and in all things to conform myself to the rules and regulations which now are or hereafter may be directed, and to the articles of war which may be entered by Congress for the better government of the Navy of the United States; and that I will support the Constitution of the United States.

Sworn before Judge ——.

☞ There are some men whose purposes are so very magnificent that it may be permitted them to attempt nothing.

THE PREPARATIONS AT CHARLESTON.—THE RAFT.—The preparations for the attack upon Fort Sumter by the Charlestonians appears to be a reflex of those suggested by Americans to the British government for attacking Cronstadt during the Russian war. At that time, Mr. Matthew Davenport Field, the brother of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had left St. Petersburg with, it was said, an *attaché* of the British Legation as his servant, on his arrival in London, submitted to the Board of Admiralty of Great Britain a plan for attacking Cronstadt by means of a raft of timber, protected by sand and cotton bags and propelled by steam.

Models were made by the Admiralty Department at Somerset House, and forwarded both to Admiral Dundas and Lord Clyde in Black and Baltic Seas, but too late, as peace ensued. At the time these suggestions were made to the English Admiralty, Major Ripley, now the South Carolina head artillery-man, was the intimate friend of Mr. Matthew D. Field, and was then in London as agent for an "Arms Manufacturing Company." The plan suggested for the attack on Cronstadt, and probably adopted by Major Ripley, consists of a heavy timber raft, protected in front by sand bags, and propelled by a steamer in the rear. Such a raft could be pushed under the walls of Sumter, and an escalade, it is supposed, could then take the place.

LABOR SAVING MACHINERY.—At Haverhill, Massachusetts, twenty-five persons, with certain machinery, produce six hundred pairs of ladies' shoes daily. All the stitching is done by *sewing machines run by steam*—a combination of the two greatest mechanical inventions. Every operation, except fitting the shoe to the last, even to the final polishing and cutting the pegs out of the insole to prevent them from hurting the foot is performed by machinery. One of the greatest curiosities is the pegging machine, which inserts the awl, cuts out the pegs from a strip of wood, and drives them in, all at one operation, and so rapidly that it will peg two rows around the sole of a shoe in twenty seconds. The facilities in this manufactory are such that the raw calf-skin and sole leather go in be taken in the basement of the building, and in half an hour turned out in the form of a complete pair of shoes!

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Holders of Flour have put down their prices 12½@25c ₱ bbl since the close of last week; the demand, however, has been limited at the decline, and only some 5000 bbls found buyers, mostly for shipment, at 45c@5,25 for common mixed and good straight superfine, chiefly at $5,18½; 5,37½@5,75 for extra and extra family, and $6@6,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is also lower, and 400 bbls have been taken, chiefly for shipment, at $3,62½@3,75 ₱ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal continues dull and unsettled, and sales of 400 bbls Penna Meal are reported, mostly at $3 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering, but the demand is less active, and prices have ruled unsettled. Sales include about 20,000 bushels by shipment, at 125c@128c for fair to good and prime Western and Penna reds, 128@130c for South'n do, and from 130 to 145c for white, as to quality. Rye is lower and very dull; Penna having been sold in lots, on arrival, at 72c@70c, and Delaware at 67@65c. Corn comes forward more freely, and offers in large quantity on demand, are 56@4c ₱ bus lower, with sales of 20,000 bus, mostly new Southern, at 60@56c in store and in the cars, including some afloat, at 60@58c, and old Corn at 70@65c, closing dull at the latter figures. Oats are also dull and lower, with sales of 18,000 bus, mostly Penna, at 38@35½c, in store and in the cars, including some Jersey and Delaware at 33@33c, the latter afloat. Barley and Malt have ruled very quiet, and prices about the same as last quoted, say 75@75c for the former, and 85@86c for the latter.

PROVISIONS.—The market for most kinds is firm at the advance, with a moderate business however doing in barrelled meats; about 1000 bbls Mess Pork sold at $18,25@18,50; some clear at $17,50, and prime at $13½ ₱ bbl at the time. Cheese is steady at 10@11c. Eggs are more plenty, and bring 16c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market has been dull but firm, and 600 bales, mostly Uplands, have been disposed of in small lots at from 11 to 13½@14c, cash and time. The receipts and stocks continue very light.

BARK.—There is a steady demand for Quercitron at $25 for last No 1, at which rate some further small sales are reported this week.

BEESWAX is scarce and wanted at 31@32c, but we hear of no sales.

BROOM-CORN.—The market is quiet, the demand both for shipment and home use being limited, and prices about the same as last quoted.

COAL.—The demand is very light, and the demand fair; the want of stock limiting operations to a few small lots Rio at from 11½ to 12½c, on time, and 2500 bags Jamaica at 12c, cash; some Java at 17@17½c, and some 700 bags Laguayra, from the recent arrivals, at 14c, on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, but without any quotable change to note.

FEATHERS move off in a small way at 37@40c for good Western.

FRUIT.—The market for most kinds is at a stand still. A sale of 800 bus low grade Southern Peanuts was made at $1,25 ₱ bus; bags 10c extra.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The sales continue very limited at 28@31c, for crop Eastern and Western. The stock is light and old hops very dull.

IRON.—There is little or no movement in this staple, and prices are nominally as at $25, @21 and $30 for the three numbers of Anthracite Pig Iron, of time. About 250 tons Nos. 1 and 2 Scotch Pig sold at cash rates. A sale of 250 tons Scotch Pig is also reported on terms kept private. Nothing new in Bars and Rails, and the sales limited.

LEAD.—Buyers are holding off, and we hear of no sales worthy of notice.

LUMBER.—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and prices rule about the same.

MOLASSES.—The market is dull but firm, with sales of 400 bbls New Orleans at 37c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER.—There is nothing doing, and no change to note.

RICE is steady at 3½@4c ₱ lb, the latter for prime, and a limited business to note.

SEEDS.—The demand for Cloverseed, having fallen off, the market is unsettled and lower. Sales of about 1500 bushels are reported at $4,50@5,25, mostly at $4,75@5 ₱ bus for prime. In Timothy there is nothing doing and prices are nominal at $2,25@2,37½ ₱ bus. Interest in seed ranges at $1,62½@1,75 ₱ bus, with small receipts and sales. Of Red Top sales are reported at $2 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS.—There is no change in Brandy or Gin, but the demand is very light. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 32@33c. Whiskey is unchanged, Pennsylvania bbls selling at 17½c, Ohio do 18c, Drudge 17c, and hhds 17½c.

SUGARS continue dull, there is some inquiry for good grocery qualities, and about 300 hhds New Orleans sold at private handing, at from 6 to 7c, on the usual terms. Of refining qualities the sales are limited at 5@5¼c for Cubas, on time.

TALLOW moves off as wanted, at 9½@10c for city rendered.

TOBACCO.—The transactions in all kinds continue limited, and prices without any material change.

WOOL.—The market generally rules quiet, and the sales have been confined to small lots, mostly fleece, within the range of previous figures, including 14,000 lbs unwashed at 38c, and some fine at 50c ₱ lb.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head and were disposed of at from 4 to 6½c ₱ lb. 136 Cows brought from $30 to 40 ₱ head. 4300 Sheep were sold at from 4½ to 5½c ₱ lb, gross weight. 1200 Hogs brought from $7,50 to 8,00 ₱ cwt, net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 9.—FLOUR dull; sales of 6000 bbls.—Wheat declining, the prices favor buyers. Corn quiet and unchanged. Whiskey dull at 19@19½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 142 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sansom Street, Philadelphia.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 66 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. D. GARRETT, No. 49 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON PUBLISHER, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On January 1st, 1861, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. THEODORE STILES, to Miss EMMA ANTHONY, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM H. MORGAN, to Miss CAROLINE WEIR, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan. by the Rev. G. Wenzel, Mr. WILLIAM SCHOENBERGER, to Miss ROSENA C. SHOBEST, both of this city.

Jan. 31, 1861, by Ald. Wm. Remick, WARREN G. WORTHINGTON, to Miss RACHEL M. HANDALL, all of Bensalem, Bucks county.

On the evening of the 3d instant, by the Rev. G. A. Wenzel, Mr. JOHN F. ACOST, to Miss JOHANNA E. REEDER, both of this city.

In New York, Jan. 30th, 1861, by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, Mr. MATTHEW YOUNG, of Virginia, to Miss ARABELLA W. CORBYN, of this city.

At Cape Island, Jan. 31, 1861, by the Rev. Jared Dewing, Mr. CHARLES SANDORAN, of this city, to Miss JULIA STEVENS, of Cape Island.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. E. D. Newberry, Mr. A. K. EDGOWES, to Miss LYDIA H. SMITH, daughter of Jas. S. Smith, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, 5th instant, CHARLES G. BANCKER, eldest son of Chas. N. Bancker, in his 52d year.

In Princeton, N. J. on Saturday, the 2d instant, Mrs. SARAH MILLER, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D. in her 84th year.

On Friday, the 1st instant, Capt. SIMEON TORY, in his 87th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM B. CHAMBERS.

On Tuesday morning, 5th instant, JANE C. wife of J. V. Douglas.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 3d instant, Mrs. MARGARET D. EARNEST, relict of the late Henry Earnest, in her 64th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM DONALDSON, in his 61st year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZA J. B. DUNBARR, wife of Saml. Dunbarr.

In Southampton Township, Bucks county, on Monday, the 4th instant, HORATIO G. YERKES, aged 58 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY P. relict of the late Thos. Patterson, in her 75th year.

On Sunday morning, 3d instant, WILLIAM H. HART, aged 62 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following are the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U. S. 6 per ct., 1868	105	
" " '67	103	—
" " '62	100	—
" " coupon '74 & 81	—	—
Penna 6 per ct., old	—	—
" " new	101	101½
" 5 "	—	—
Phila 6 per ct.	99	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 per ct.	—	—
" " County	97	—
Penn 6 per ct.	91½	92
" 5 "	91	—
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 per ct.	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1868	—	—
N Carolina 6 per ct.	80	—
Georgia "	90	—
Ind State 5 per ct.	82	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Schyl Nav 6 per ct.	60½	61
" " '82	60½	61
" 6 per ct.	60	61
" stock	7	8½
" preferred	17	20
Lehigh Nav stock	40	—
" mort 6 per ct.	100	—
" scrip	59	61
Morris Canal'd	82	—
" preferred	106	110
Ches & Del.	25	—
Lewis	7	8
Union	4	—
Union bonds	15	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater	17	18
" bonds, 1875	72	77
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR	58	58½
" 1st mort bonds	100	—
" 2nd "	93	—
" stock	36	36½
Cam & Amboy 6 per ct.	99	99½
" stock bonds, 1864	107½	108
" " '74	71	72
Reading R R 6 per ct.	97	97½
" stock	51	51½
Phila, Wil & Balt	53½	56
" 2nd	25	26
" stock	7	8
Catawissa	34	35
Beaver Meadow stock	50½	51½
" preferred 10 per ct.	51	—
North Penn'a R R	52	53
" stock	6½	7
Phila & Erie	57	57½
Phil Ger & Nor R R	15	16
" stock, div'd off	61	—
" 6 per ct. bonds	92	—
Erie R R stock	32	—
Northern Central R R	47	—
N Y Central	78	—
Hudson River	—	—
Illinois	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 9, 1861.

Alabama	8 dis.	Missouri	8 dis.
Arkansas	8 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to 1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par
Georgia	8 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	8 dis.	North Carolina	8 dis.
Indiana	1½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	8 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par	to 2½ dis.
Kentucky	1½ dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	South Carolina	8 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	6 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	7 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	3 dis.
Mississippi	—		

FUR MARKET.

The following quotations indicate the present state of the market as nearly as we are able to ascertain. We quote:—

	Nor. & Eas.	Western.	Southern.
	No. 1.	No. 1.	No. 1.
Otter, ₱ piece	$4,00@5,00	$3,50@4,00	$2,00@3,00
Black & Silver Fox	25,00@40,00	—	—
Cross Fox	3,50@4,00	—	—
Red Fox	1,00@,37	,87½@1,00	,37½@,87
Gray Fox	,25@,37	,25@,37	,25@,37
Black Bear	3,00@6,00	1,00@3,00	,75@1,50
Cubs	1,00@4,00	1,00@3,00	,75@1,50
Martens, common	1,25@1,50	1,00@1,25	,75@1,00
" dark	1,50@1,75	—	—
Mink, dark	1,25@2,00	1,00@1,50	,75@1,00
Muskrat	,06@,08	,06@,08	,06@,08
Beaver, ₱ lb	1,00@1,50	—	1,00@1,50
Beaver, ₱ piece	—	1,00@1,50	,75@1,00
Raccoon, long hair	—	—	—
" short	,50@,75	,37½@,37	—
Raccoon, coon	,25@,37	,25@,37	,12½@,15
Opossum	,06@,08	,04@,06	,03@,05
Wild Cat	,25@,37	,25@,37	,25@,37
Wolf, Prairie	—	—	,25@,50
Wolf, large White	1,00@1,50	—	—

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York City.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

HOMES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS, IN THE GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY HAVE FOR SALE 1,300,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS, In TRACTS OF FORTY ACRES AND UPWARD, On LONG CREDIT AND AT LOW PRICES.

MECHANICS, FARMERS and WORKINGMEN. The attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable and permanent homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all of the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep, rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads, and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far capital and labor have been applied to developing only the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow as an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the state of Illinois in the various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State Expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and, consequently, every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,208.14, and within the last three years has been reduced $3,959,746.80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population, 868,926 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,719,496—a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other state. The Products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 100,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep, rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854 the Company have sold 1,200,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty nine counties through which it passes was only 355,598, since which 479,546 have been added; making the whole population 834,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 1,000,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and school-house, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great West (an Empire).

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c.—First class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be:

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE

And six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five, and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six, and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated each and every year for five years from the date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, LAND COMMISSIONER, ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, Appleton's Railway Guide.

feb9-4t

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "of the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electricity, and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

Badly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this afternoon, hand I stepped into the apothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexcruciatingly," says hi, hand with that I gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'ben me 'one it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

HEADACHES is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, or hepatic disease constituting *Bilious Headache*, or worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headache; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and at once be capable of mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or irritability of temper. In most instances no pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

Both of these forms of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by their subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, and a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it nather; but perhaps ye'll know by her knowing what it is. I see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as received her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it either.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness, or confirmed looseness in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while long trains of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Jaundice, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Costiveness, and take on an independent existence, unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the due order should receive immediate attention, wherever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a few Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

Physician.—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones.—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician.—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones.—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing.*

FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS.

CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous Sick Headache* may be prevented, and if taken at the commencement of an attack the speedier relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

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Wit and Humor.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

BY "THE LETTER M."

I love—oh, more than words can tell!
(Your five and thirty thousand shiners.)
You draw me by a sameless spell,
(As California draws the miners.)
You are so rich in beauty's flower,
(And rich in several ways beside it,)
Had I your hand with heavy power,
(Across a banker's back) to guide it,
No care my future life could dim!
(My tailor, too, what joy to him!)

Oh, say, my young, my fawn-like girl,
(She's old enough to be my mother,)
Let "yes," o'erleap those gates of pearl!
(My laughter it is hard to smother.)
Let lips that love hath formed for joy,
(For joy, if they her purse resign me,)
Long hesitate ere they destroy,
(And to a debtor's jail consign me,)
The heart that beats but to adore!
(Yourself the less, your fortune more.)

Consent—consent, my priceless love!
(Her price is five and thirty thousand,)
I swear by all, around, above,
(Her purse-strings now, I feel, are loosened,)
I have not loved you for your wealth.
(Nor loved at all, as I'm a sinner!)
Oh, bliss! you yield, one kiss by stealth—
(I'm sick—that kiss has spoiled my dinner!)
Now early name the blissful day!
(My duns grow clamorous for their pay.)

SINGULAR PROOF OF INSANITY.

In one of the Northern towns of New York resides an old Dutchman by the name of S——, whose son was not making the wisest disposition of the property which he had received from the old man. At least so thought the anxious parent. How to put a stop to Bill's extravagance was the question. After everything else had failed, he resolved upon a desperate measure. Application was made to the proper authorities, and a court was appointed to decide upon the question of Bill's sanity. After the organization of the Court, the old man was the first witness called to the stand. The following were the questions of the counsel, with the answers of the anxious parent:

Counsel—"How long, Mr. S——, since you first thought your son was becoming insane?"

Mr. S——"A little over a year."

Counsel—"Please state to the jury what it was that first awakened your suspicion?"

Mr. S——"*He joined the methi.*"

Counsel—"Well, Mr. S——, what else did you see in his conduct that led you to doubt his sanity?"

Mr. S——"*He gave the minister a hoss of hay.*"

It is needless to say that, nothing else of importance appearing against Bill, he was allowed to retain the management of his own affairs.

GOOD ADVICE.

A Western brother writes of his experience in a religious meeting:

In one of our settlements lived John Rogers, and a very clever man he was; his chief and only fault seemed to be in occasionally taking a little too much bad whiskey. He generally attended the religious meetings at the schoolhouse, and one day he took his seat near the door. The brethren, one after another, told their experiences, and made their confessions. One Tom Brown told his experience (he was well-known in the community as a cold-hearted, close fisted, selfish man, who compelled his family to live principally on hog meat and corn-dodgers, hardly ever treating them to the taste of wheat bread, though abundantly able). He went on to confess his sins and shortcomings to his brethren and sisters, and asked their prayers that he might be enabled to live better than he had been living. He said "he knew that he had lived in a very poor way," and, in short, "he had not lived as well as he ought to live." This last sentence caught the ear of Rogers, who sat listening in a half dreamy state, and, forgetting the time and place, he exclaimed,

"Then why in the world don't you buy a barrel of flour and live better?" and immediately darted out of the door.

The congregation was thunder-struck, and so was Tom Brown; but the effect was good, for Brown ever after lived better.

UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called, one of whom, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day,

"Were the shoes anything like these?"

"No, my lord," replied the witness; "they were a great deal better and more genteeler."

The Court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

A GERMAN YANKEE.—A German, who had $300 in gold deposited in one of the Western banks, stepped up to the counter the other day, presented his certificate, and demanded his gold. He was paid, when he said to the banker,

"Vot you gif for gold now, eh?"

"Five per cent.," was the response.

"Oh, yaw, dat ish goot. I sell you dose for good paper monish."

"All right," was the reply, and $315 in currency was handed the ex-depositor, who took $15 from his roll of notes, and handed back $300, saying,

"I deposit dat mit you. You're goot, I sees."

And taking his new certificate, he departed with his $15 premium.

TO CITY OAILERS.

The following "Notices" can be seen in a conspicuous place in the entry, near the head of the stairs, connected with a range of offices in a neighboring city:—

NOTICE TO PEDDLERS.

No Gold or Steel Pens wanted.
No Books or Maps wanted.
No Paper or Envelopes wanted.
No Essex R. R. Stock wanted.
No encouragement given to organ-grinders or monkeys.
No attention paid to subscription papers.
No money given to strugglers or such cattle.
No old Boots for sale or to let.
Five notices similar to the above have been stolen from the entry by some enraged peddler, Boot-man, or Monkey; and one who considers himself a clown or a Jackass, will steal this.

TOO TRUE.—The following incident in Western practice, illustrates the wicked carelessness with which affidavits are frequently taken:

A livery stable keeper was requested to call at the office of an attorney who was transacting some business for a friend of his.

"Here," says the lawyer, "sign this affidavit."

Livery stable keeper signs it.

"Take off your hat," says a notary, standing by.

The livery man obeys.

"Hold up your hand."

Up go *both* hands to the highest point.

"You swear," etc., "that the contents of this affidavit, by you subscribed, are true."

"Yes—what is it?"

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN A HURRY.—"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse, t'other day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, which, strange to say, drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom." "Well, John, what is it?" "I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Cæsar." "So it did with mine."

AN EXTENSIVE SALE.—A good old lady, recently meeting a farmer on a load of hay, inquired of him if it was for sale. On being answered in the affirmative, she asked him to turn his team around, and drive to her husband's barn yard, some quarter of a mile distant. Her request was complied with; and after the barn yard was reached, the old lady informed the teamster that she *only wanted a few cents' worth of hay to make a hen's nest*, and while he was throwing it off, she would step into the house and get the change.

THE HORSE SOON GIVES IN.—If a horse in harness, however resolutely he may be proceeding, slips upon pavement, and falls heavily on his side, after vainly making three or four violent struggles to rise, he becomes all of a sudden so completely cowed, that not only without any resistance does he allow his harness piecemeal to be unbuckled, the carriage detached, and pushed away far behind him, but, when lying thus perfectly unfettered, it requires kicks, stripes, and a malediction or two to induce him to make the little effort necessary to rise from his prostrate state. Again, in the hunting field, a noble, high-couraged horse, a rusher at any description of fence, the very sight of which seems to inflame his ardor, in most gallant style charges a brook, which when he is in the air he sees is too broad to be cleared. On his chest striking against the bank, and while his rider, delighted at feeling that he is not a bit hurt, is luxuriously rolling over and over on the green grass like a rabbit that at full speed has been shot dead, this gallant steed makes two, three, or four desperate efforts to get to him; and yet, simply because the mud at the bottom of the brook catches hold of his hind feet, and the sticky perpendicular clay bank grasps his fore ones, his courage suddenly fails him, and as nothing will then induce him to make another effort, it becomes necessary to send, often several miles, for cart-horses to drag this high-bred animal out by his neck. But although this strange mixture of courage and cowardice appears to us at first to be inexplicable, yet on reflection we must perceive that it is in strict accordance with the beneficent decree, that "man should have dominion over every beast of the field."—*The Horse and His Rider. By Sir F. B. Head, Bart.*

A CREDULOUS BURMESE.—Some of these men who had fled from the war, were thrown into our prisons, and gave us marvellous accounts of the skill and prowess of the English troops, exaggerated by their own superstitious fancies. They firmly believed in our using enchantments. One of these convicts affirmed that even our missiles were charmed before they were fired off, and knew what they had to do. He was standing, he said, near his *Tsek-kai*, an officer of rank, when a huge ball of iron came singing "tsck, tsck," which he distinctly heard in its flight, when, true to its mission, it burst upon the very man it was calling out for, the unfortunate *Tsek-kai!* Those who have seen shell practice, know the peculiar hissing noise made by the fuse in its course through the air, and can enter into the mistake of the wonder-stricken soldier. Our surgical operations, too, had come to his knowledge, but, with the ignorance of a savage, he concluded our surgeons amputated injured limbs only to repair and fit them on again. He could not conceive any other motive for cutting them off.—*Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah. By Henry Gouger.*

☞ PRODUCTIONS OF THE JAW.—The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds. This is only what science tells us, but we have the day of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand pounds a-year to them.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

As Captain ——, of the 13th Light Polkers, was skating with the lovely and accomplished Emily D——, their feelings suddenly gave way. They broke the ice, and we hear they have not yet been extricated from their perilous situation!

THE MONK BASIL.

The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related of the monk Basle, that, being excommunicated by the Pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good-humor of the monk, that, wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated, even by the most uncivil angels; and, when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk, that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that, in whatever condition, Basle remained incorribly Basle. The legend says, his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.—*Emerson's "Conduct of Life."*

WIDOW LIFE IN INDIA.

The very day a girl becomes a widow, her colored clothes, silver and golden ornaments, are all taken off. Henceforth she has to dress in white, and wear no ornament of any kind whatever during her lifetime. Her daily meals are reduced to one, and that is prepared in the simplest way possible. She is strictly prohibited the use of any sort of animal food. Each widow is required to cook her own food, and to abstain entirely from food and drink two days in every month. On the fast days, when the burning sun dries up the ponds and scorches the leaves of the trees, these poor victims faint and pant in hunger and thirst. If they are dying on the *ekadasy* day, a little water will be put on the lips merely to wet them. They have no hope of ever cheering their widow-hood in the world. A learned Brahmin, the principal of Calcutta Sanscrit College, is earnestly engaged in redeeming the condition of the widows, by introducing the system of widow marriage.

ANIMAL FOOD VS. VEGETABLE DIET.—The vegetarian theory is already pretty well knocked on the head—Horace Greeley, the last of its prominent disciples, having long ago given it up in despair, but not before it had covered him with boils and other irritations of the skin and tissues. Never was there a greater humbug than the vegetarian. So far from flesh having an injurious effect, it has the most beneficial influence upon the human system. Among those who have not the means of taking a proper quantity of animal food, a variety of diseases occur from undernutrition. The flesh of animals is more readily digested and more speedily appropriated than the flesh-forming principles of plants; hence it is a necessity for those races of men who are strong in muscle and active of thought. We warn the public never again to listen to the blandishments of stewed carrots and parsnips, fried cauliflowers and apple posseta. These things may please the palate, they may fill the stomach, but they cannot supply the material of muscle and brain to the men who have to do the work of America in this railroad century.

DERIVATION OF CELEBRATED NAMES.—The name of the gorgeous French palace of Tuileries was derived from the circumstance, that where the palace stands was the site of an old manufactory of tiles (tuileries), as if one should say the tile-house. Oxford, the name of the celebrated seat of learning, has a derivation equally humble: Oxford is only the ox-path across the river. Bosphorus is a high-sounding name in the Greek language; but what is it, in the English translation, but bull-path or ox-ford?

☞ True friends do not require continual posing to keep them in good nature.

☞ An artist is not so strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

Agricultural.

ORCHARDS ON STEEP HILLSIDES.

A correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly says:—

I would always prefer a sheltered situation behind a hill or wood for my orchard. Steep hillsides are generally objected to for planting an apple orchard; but I think a steep hillside is not the worst place, by any means. My hillside orchard is doing quite as well as any I have. It is in the form of a half circle, with a south-eastern exposure. I planted my trees in a half circle to suit the hill, in order to make it more pleasant to work, and also to keep it from washing. I think that trees can be placed much closer to advantage on a steep hillside than elsewhere. My method of cultivation has been to plough down from the upper side to within four or five feet of the next row. I plough the first furrow close to the row with one horse; I then plough the balance with two horses.

In four or five ploughings it will form a terrace that will answer a very good purpose. I had also planted a row of nursery trees with each row of orchard trees, which did very well. By merely working from the upper side, the spaces are now level, or rather inclining a little back, which causes it to retain moisture much longer than it did before it was ploughed into terraces. The spaces between the terraces I use for strawberries, blackberries, seed beds, etc. It is also a first-rate place to raise early vegetables.

This side-hill used to be a regular eyesore, but now it is the prettiest part of my farm. I think we can make no better use of our steep side-hills than to plant them with trees, if it were for nothing else than for the appearance. The grass growing on the terraces we used, when the trees were young, for mulching, drawing mellow ground on them from the upper side.

ATMOSPHERIC FERTILIZERS.—M. Barral, of Paris, has lately made the discovery that rain-water contains minute quantities of phosphorus. He believes that it exists in the atmosphere in the form of phosphorated hydrogen, which escapes from decaying animal substances. As phosphorus is necessary to the fertility of soils, we have in this discovery a key which unlocks the secret of "summer fallowed" lands becoming fertile. The ancient Hebrews were accustomed to allow the land to rest without cultivation every few years. This was, no doubt, for the purpose of restoring it from comparative barrenness by cropping, to renewed fertility. It is now well known that ammonia also exists in rain-water, and this is held to be the chief of fertilizing agents. Any worn out lands may be restored to fertility by allowing them seasons for repose, in the same manner that Moses provided for the perpetual fertility of the land of Israel.—*Scientific American.*

"SWEETENING" CUT HAY FOR COWS.—A correspondent of the Homestead, in an account of a noted milk farm near Hartford, says the farmer, Mr. Gates, cuts most of his hay in winter, moistening it, and thoroughly mixing it with a thin swill of rye, corn and cotton-seed meal, and water,—allowing the mass to lie from one feeding time to another, to swell and *sweeten* before using. "I say *sweeten*, not turn sour—he feeds before it comes to that." The writer thinks the process analagous to that undergone in a sour apple, which "if bruised on the side, the juice of that spot becomes decidedly sweet in a short time—the saccharine ferment, conversion of starch into sugar, and all that," taking place.

WATER ON STOCK FARMS.—MR. STRAWN, the great Illinois farmer, gives the following method in the Farmer's Advocate for keeping water on a stock farm:—Dig a basin five or ten rods square and ten feet deep, upon a high knoll. Feed corn in the basin to four hogs and cattle until it is well puddled by the trampling of their feet, which will make it almost water-tight. He says the rains of a single winter sufficed to accommodate several hundred head of cattle, and that it had been dry but once in twelve years.

HUSKING CORN.—A writer in your last issue speaks of a young man in his employ, who husked in one forenoon, and quit at 12 o'clock, *forty bushels*, and bound up part of the stocks—that *he* superintended the measuring, &c., then adds:—"If any man or boy can beat this, we shall be pleased to hear from them."

He does not say whether the bushels were ears or shelled corn. In either case, we have men in Salem county who can husk more corn in a given time.

I know a man who did husk in four and a half hours, between six and half-past ten o'clock the same forenoon, one hundred bushels of ears of corn—making sixty-two bushels shelled corn, at the rate the corn usually turns out from the bushel of ears. I also superintended the husking and measuring, and know the account to be correct. The corn was of a large cared variety and would yield near seventy bushels per acre.

He had a man who boasted on his fast husking, and after performing the above feat, he offered said man ten dollars if he would husk as much, or five dollars if he would find any other man who would—in the same length of time—in a field of better corn. But the offer was never accepted—the trial never made. After that, in better corn, on a short trial against time, he husked over eleven bushels of ears in 21 minutes, or at the rate of forty bushels in 75 minutes.—D. P., *of Salem, N. J., in Country Gentleman.*

THE YANKEE APPLE.—A tall, green-looking Yankee accosted a visitor at a country fair, having a fine looking apple in his hand, and begged him to tell the name if he could. He tasted it; but, shade of Pomona! of all the sour apples he ever ate, this capped the climax. It was worse than verjuice. "Waal, neow, stranger," said the Yankee, "that's the most useful apple on my hull farm. I call it the Yankee apple, 'cause it can't be beat. It looks so good, and yet is so tarnal sour, that I use it to graff on all the limbs of my apple-trees standing near the road; the upper limbs to Greenings, Swaars, and sich like good apples. Neow, the boys, seein' sich good-lookin' apples handy, jump the fence, seize the fust fair one they can reach, take one bite, but I swow, after one bite, they never wait to take another, but run off as fast as legs can carry them to Deacon Simmons's orchard, to get one of his good Baldwins to take the sour taste out of their mouths. My orchard sartinly has an orful reputation with the risin' generation, and so I save my fruit. Neow, if this ere is not a very useful apple, I'd like to know what is."

Useful Receipts.

BAKED BEANS.—Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans, generally, are not cooked half long enough. This is our method:—Two quarts of middling-sized white beans, two pounds of salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans over carefully, wash, and add a gallon of boiling hot soft water; let them soak in it over night; in the morning put them in fresh water and boil gently till the skin is very tender and about to break, adding a teaspoonfull of saleratus. Take them up dry, and put them in your dish, stir in the molasses, gash the pork, and put it down in the dish, so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake with a steady fire four or five hours. Watch them, and add more water from time to time as it dries away. [The foregoing is a first rate receipt. Those who don't like the *slice* of the molasses, may omit it, though it adds to the perfection of the dish.]—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CEMENT FOR RENDERING JOINTS STEAM-TIGHT.—The following receipt forms a strong and durable cement for joining the flanches of iron cylinders of steam engines or hydraulic machines:—Mix boiled linseed oil, litharge, red and white lead together, to a proper consistence, always using the large proportion of the white lead. This composition may be applied to a piece of flannel and fitted to the joints. Cisterns built of large square stones, and put together with this cement, will never leak. A more powerful cement for withstanding the action of steam, composed in the proportion of two ounces of sal ammoniac, and four ounces of sulphur, made into a stiff paste with a little water. When the cement is wanted for use, dissolve a portion of the paste in water rendered slightly acid, and add a quantity of iron turnings or filings, sifted or powdered, to render the particles of uniform size. This mixture, put into the interstices of iron work, will, in a short time become as hard as stone. From experience, it is ascertained that more depends upon caulking the joints than in mixing the cement.

BLACK INK POWDER.—Sulphate of iron, calcined, six ounces; powdered nut galls, two ounces; powdered gum arabic, two drachms. A teaspoonfull to a pint and a half of cold water.

BLUE INK.—Chinese blue, three ounces; oxalic acid (pure,) three quarters of an ounce; gum arabic, powdered, one ounce; distilled water, six pints. Mix.

GREEN WRITING INK.—Take one ounce of verdigris, and having powdered it, put to it one quart of vinegar: after it has stood two or three days, strain off the liquid. Or, instead of this, use the crystals of verdigris dissolved in water; then dissolve, in one pint of either of these solutions, five drachms of gum arabic, and two drachms of white sugar.

YEAST POULTICE.—Flour, one pound; yeast of beer, half a pint. Mix, and expose the mixture to a gentle heat, until it begins to smell, when it is fit for use. This is of excellent use when applied to painful, foul, or gangrenous ulcers.

☞ It is not cowardice to yield to necessity, nor courage to stand out against it.

☞ He has not lost all who has the future still left to him.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 96 letters.
My 15, 5, 4, 22, 2, 32, is a county in New York.
My 10, 18, 9, is a river Russia.
My 7, 1, 34, 8, is a town in Russia.
My 6, 23, 66, 3, 11, 12, 18, 51, is an Island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 14, 17, 27, 16, 34, is a sea in Russia.
My 66, 19, 30, 24, 69, 73, 71, is a county in England.
My 66, 35, 64, is a sea in Asia.
My 70, 47, 21, 25, 46, 63, is a town in Connecticut.
My 37, 30, 29, 36, 28, is a county in England.
My 20, 41, 42, 44, 66, 83, 63, is a town in Missouri.
My 55, 8, 67, 40, 56, 12, 74, 92, 90, 65, is a county in Ohio.
My 53, 23, 60, 49, 50, 48, 37, is a town in Indiana.
My 31, 69, 81, 31, 51, 83, 31, 56, 25, is a town in Illinois.
My 38, 59, 86, 69, is one of the United States.
My 95, 62, 53, 45, 90, 73, is a town in Missouri.
My 8, 91, 76, 58, 72, 70, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 59, 75, 73, 64, 80, 50, is a town in Tennessee.
My 79, 78, 73, 74, 76, 88, 59, 9, is a town in Mississippi.
My 65, 5, 87, 95, is a lake in New York.
My 57, 84, 66, 5, 65, 45, 51, 60, 61, 80, is a town in Indiana.
My 54, 62, 96, 41, 73, is one of the great lakes.
My 6, 68, 94, 61, 57, 38, 2, is a town in Prussia.
My 66, 82, 90, 63, 95, is a river in Switzerland.
My 5, 89, 11, 70, 22, is a river in Germany.
My whole is an old saying.

EDWARD NEWTON.

CHARADE.

I'm clear, I'm dull, of varied size;
By me the waters fall and rise.
I'm trodden down beneath the dust;
Like unused talent, often rust.
I noisy speak, or silent glide,
Upon the stream or briny tide.
I guard much wealth; the felon lies
Condemned to death, the felon dies.
But yet before that death can be,
He oft repentant passes me.
Oft to a maid a lover's strain
Is sung and played, and sung in vain.
Oft she refuses me. Upon the sea
He sighs for her, and prizes me.

I. H.—(*Kirkmichael, N. B.*)

☞ An answer is requested.

RIDDLE.

The support of old age, the pride of the boy;
The very small child uses *me* as a toy;
When I'm bruised, I give forth a very sweet juice,
Both pleasant to taste, and common in use.
In Naples I'm tall, in Toulouse I am short,
In the East I am gathered, am sold, and am bought.
Sometimes I am used for a pipe or a pole,
For a fight, for defence, by both young and old.
All colors I wear, as fancy may paint,
I am prized very highly by sinner and saint.
Pray tell, if you can what object I be;
Which in so many hands we every day see.

G. R.

TRANSPOSITION.

A part of the hand if you transpose right,
You'll find it's what you use at night.

WALTER.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B undertook to clear a piece of land, and agreed to have it finished in a certain time. After they had labored together for a number of days, equal to ⅗ of the difference between the times in which they could each complete the job alone, they found that they could not accomplish it in the specified time, on account of B being an inefficient hand, and the job much more difficult to perform than they had anticipated; therefore they called in C to assist them. C proved to be a superior laborer to either A or B; but, nevertheless, after laboring at the job one day longer, they found further assistance necessary to the completion of the job in the stipulated time; so they hired D to help them, and the job was finished in the time agreed upon by A and B. Now if they had hired D at the time they called in C, the job would have been completed in the required time, and C would not have been needed. Moreover, C and D could have cleared the field in ⅗ of the time it would take A and B to do it; also, if C and D had wrought with A and B from the commencement, the job would have been completed in one day less than ⅗ of the time it was finished in, and A and B would only have performed ⅗ of what C and D did after being called in. In how many days was the job completed; in how many days could they all together have performed it: and in how many days could each of them have cleared the field alone?

Scrabble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When may cider be said to be immoral? Ans.—When it works Sundays, and when it gets drunk. (Perpetrated after six glasses.)

☞ What class of people are most apt to rise early? Ans.—Those who go to bed by 'leven—(leaven.)

☞ Why must a man without hands be very garrulous? Ans.—Because he cannot hold his tongue.

☞ A DOG-IRONICAL CONUNDRUM.—What occupation reminds us most of a big dog? Ans.—A gratescetter.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Forty years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Better be alone than in bad company. GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA—Wheat; common nouns, tea, tar, hat, awe, heat, haw; article, the; adjective, wet; pronoun, what, he, we; verbs, whet, eat, thaw, hew, hate; preposition, at; interjection, ha, ah. CHARADE—Time piece. CHARADE—Eye-glass. ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION—A must pay $146; B $194.80; and C $219.20.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published Dec. 29.—The curve is called the catenary curve, and the distance between the two towers is 254.163 feet. David Wickersham, Clinton Co., Ohio.

Answer to J. K. Smith's PROBLEM, published Jan. 26th.—There were 19 apples in the basket: to the first son he gave 10, to the second 5, and to the third 2⅘. Joseph P. Fahy.